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Jan. 17th 192

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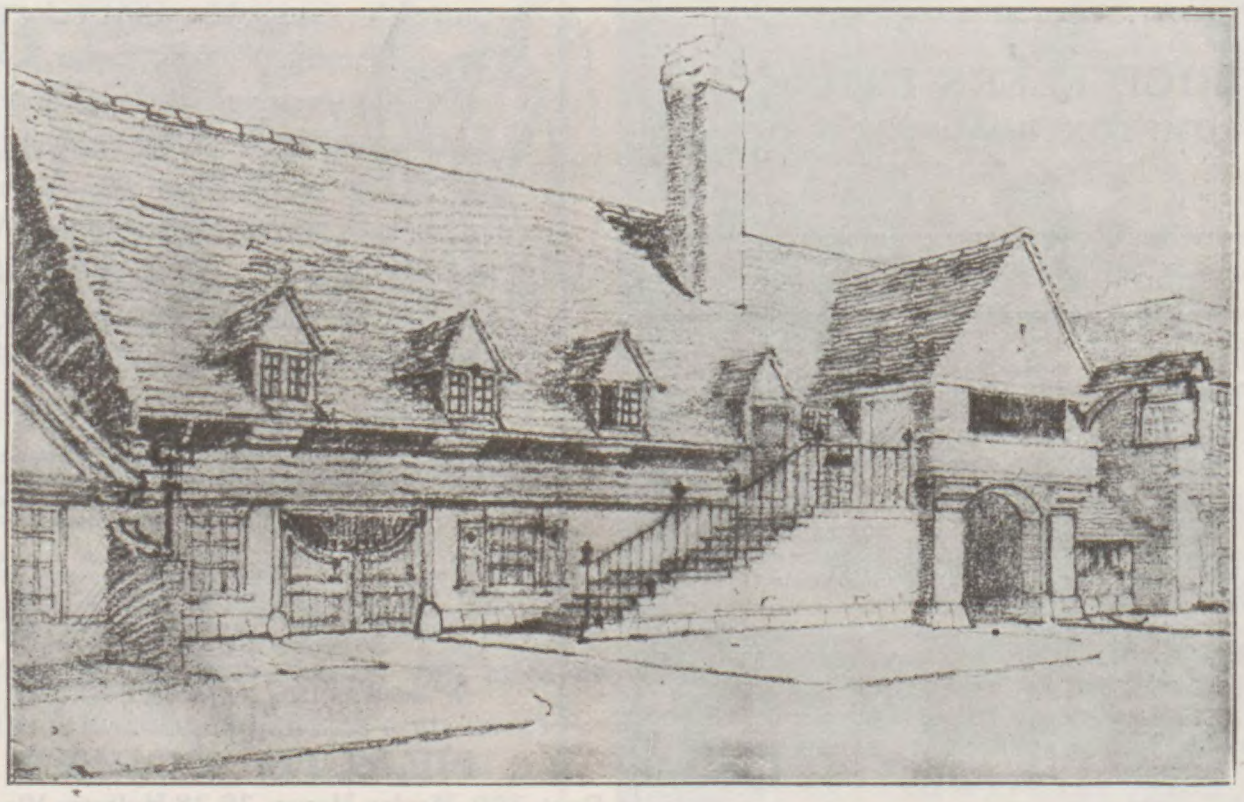

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Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. "EVERY-WOMAN," from the PLAY BY WALTER BROWN.
Thursday, Friday and Saturday.—THE GREAT BANTAM-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT, Jimmy WILDE v. Pete HERMAN.
The Pavilion Orchestra plays throughout the entertainment. Telephone: Mayfair 5112-3.

MAJESTIC CINEMA SUPREME, CLAPHAM.
Jan. 17.—All Star Caste in "Best of Luck"; Chas. Ray in "Peaceful Valley."
Jan. 20.—Ivy Duke in "The Garden of Resurrection"; Malvina Longfellow in "The Story of the Rosary."

THE PAVILION, LAVENDER HILL, CLAPHAM JUNCTION, S.W.
Jan. 17.—Kathryn Adams and Jack Holt in "The Best of Luck."
Jan. 20.—Two Big Fights: Wilde v. Herman and Levinsky v. Wells, etc.
Next week: Nazimova in "The Brat."

SHAFTESBURY PAVILION, W.1.
Monday, Jan. 17.—Two Great Fights: Wells v. Levinsky; Wilde v. Herman. Also Great Drury Lane drama, "Everywoman."
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No. 3. Vol. 1. January 17th, 1921

Movie-Land

THE BRITISH CINEMA WEEKLY DE LUXE.

Editor: MRS. HELEN SEVREZ.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 4/6 ST. ANN'S CHAMBERS, BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4.

TELEGRAMS: CHAPINSURA, CENT. LONDON. TELEPHONE: CENTRAL 9620

The Editor will be pleased to consider MSS., 1,000—1,500 words in length, on film, theatrical and dancing topics. MSS. must be exclusive and original, preferably accompanied by photographs, and stamped and addressed envelope for return in case of unsuitability. While the Editor will make every effort to ensure the safe return of rejected MSS., no responsibility will be accepted for their loss.

A WORD TO PICTURE-GOERS.

Picture-goers, do you know how you are slandered? Do you realise how your intelligence is insulted by a certain type of film exhibitor? Incidentally, have you ever met a film exhibitor of the type we have in mind? If not, permit us to portray him for you. He smokes, aggressively and incessantly, a fat and inexpensive cigar. He wears an overcoat with a fur collar at all times and seasons. He has a monied contempt for the King's English. He runs down pedestrians in his hired limousine for the fun of the thing. Have you got him well in mind? You have? Well, this is the sort of man who presumes to cater to your taste in films. He has already damned "Movie-Land" in terms highly flattering to picture-goers.

"Above their heads! Too good for 'em. Won't understand it."

He even went to the trouble to visit this office to tell us so.

Immediately he had gone, leaving the editorial door open and the inevitable atmosphere of stale cigar smoke behind him, we opened the windows. We had just staggered back to our desk when another visitor was ushered in. An unassuming little man, quiet in dress and speech, who begged the favour of a ten minutes' talk. In that ten minutes he proceeded, gently and effectually, to re-establish the editorial equilibrium. "May I congratulate you?" he said. And, as we blushingly murmured our permission: "You see I'm just an ordinary suburban citizen, just one of thousands. But I believe I'm speaking for those thousands when I tell you I'm delighted to have a decent picture paper at last; one that I don't mind leaving around or pulling out in the train."

We gave him a sketchy idea of the visitor who had preceded him.

In his indignation he almost forgot to smile, and interjected hastily: "Oh! Don't drop your tone! On no account drop your tone! Look at the typical audiences that are filling the best picture theatres now! All from good suburban homes, and all sick to death of inferior pictures. I hope I'm right in thinking you've started 'Movie-Land' for this type of picture-theatre audience."

We assured him that such was the case, and took the opportunity to emphasise the theme he had touched upon. "If you are weary of bad pictures, why don't you say so? Why don't you impose your will on film-exhibitors instead of sitting down quietly under any insult to your intelligence they like to offer you?"

Picture-goers, the future of the film is in your hands. Force the incompetents out and get the artists in.

In a word, assert, with persistent emphasis, the good taste and superior intelligence that will set the film world free from the shackles of opulent ignorance. Insist on having what you want—not what uneducated exhibitors think you ought to want. And the little band of real artists in this vast new industry, that threatens to become all industry and no art, will be encouraged to go on with the good work and to give you of their best. There are some in America, some in France, some in Italy, yes, and some in Britain, despite all rumours to the contrary. But the fight is hard. Picture-goers, make it easier for the real artists who have already won your tribute.

LADY DIANA DUFF-COOPER.

(To be "filmed" under the Stuart Blackton banner.)

THE "STAR" SYSTEM.

A Plea for Proportion and Restraint.

FILM producers have still to learn what the true artists of the stage have accepted as the first principle of successful ensemble—an unerring sense of proportion.

"To the devil with personal jealousies," said a harassed producer on one memorable occasion that lives in my memory, when the fate of a brilliant play hung in the balance, and an unbalanced star was removed, by physical persuasion, from the theatre. It is time producers adopted similar methods; no less drastic, if need be.

Studio Jealousies.

We are assured on good authority that the jealousies of the green-room are as naught compared with the jealousies of the studio. It is, of course, an openly acknowledged fact that producers themselves, and their army of satellites, are largely to blame. In the past, so many producers were "made" by their leading ladies that a more intimate link was established between them; and producers' wives or sweethearts ruled the roost. Ardent Press agents pursued a parallel policy; and the booming of the "star" became the perilous foundation on which film success was built. There are those among us who still hope that the day will dawn when "trade shows" will be to the film—and film artists—what the "first night" is to the theatre; that film reputations will be made by legitimate means; that the successful "run" of a film will be determined by the performance of the artists, not by a fever-heat publicity campaign concerning itself with the intimacies of film favourites' wardrobes and sickeningly effusive details of their private lives, to the exclusion, almost, of any serious discussion of their art.

Must she be a Chocolate-box Lady?

There is one vital question that has occupied the minds of unbiassed picture-goers for some time. Do the exigencies of the camera limit to the "pretty picture" type of feminine attractiveness the feminine ability available for the screen? Are irregular features, which so often are the sure herald of temperamental magnetism, outside the scope of the screen? If this is so, then with certain obvious exceptions to the pretty safe old adage that beauty and brains seldom go together, the ranks of potential film genius must remain decidedly thin!—outside the frankly comedy parts. But the trouble is that many a plain-featured woman in real life plays the leading role in the drama. Because she plays it against an intellectual background. Her magnetism is mental as well as physical.

Vital Magnetism.

It is this extraordinary lack of vital personal magnetism on the screen that genuine film-lovers deplore. Too many stars appear to cherish the illusion that magnetism consists in the maximum possible number of appearances in any given picture, wild and frenzied gesture, and a sublime disregard for artistic restraint. Sense of proportion have they none. Nor has the producer, apparently. To talk of magnetism on the screen is, to our mind, to conjure up instantly the unforgetable picture-memories of two artists who in one sense stand at opposite ends of the histrionic scale, but who both possess this rare quality of what we can only call the intellectual background. One of them is Sessue Hayakawa, that inimitable Oriental, who has never, in our opinion, committed one artistic solecism during the whole of his screen career. The other is our own Alma Taylor, a rare artist with a rare mind.

Geniuses of the Screen.

One has the conviction that both these outstanding figures in the film world have steeped themselves in the difficult technique of the medium they have made the vehicle of their own incomparable art. Comparisons, in the world of the screen, are not only odious, but dangerous! Nevertheless, there are many so-called "stars" who would do well to take a "busman's holiday" whenever they have the opportunity to see either of these two geniuses on the screen, and to learn from them those all-essential lessons of proportion and restraint. They would realise that the "bright particular star" shines all the more resplendently from a properly-proportioned canvas; that to be perpetually in the foreground "overplaying" minor but no less important character-links in the chain of the story, is not necessarily to impress one's personality—except irritatingly, and from an artistic standpoint, offensively—upon one's audience.

A legitimate star system is right and proper. But the star must shine with the artist's aura, not the Press agent's. And producers must learn to distinguish the difference between art and advertisement. When that happy day dawns, we may get scenario writers who will take their work—and their audiences—more seriously. And even the unknown film aspirant, having only genius and no influence, may get a look in!

Two New Welsh-Pearson Productions.

Great activity prevails at the Welsh-Pearson studio, where both Mr. George Pearson and Mr. Thomas Bentley are very busy upon different film productions. Mr. Pearson's production is that of an original film story entitled "Mary Find-the-Gold," featuring Betty Balfour, supported by Hugh E. Wright, Mabel Poulton, Arthur Cleave, Mrs. Braithwaite and a new film actor, Colin Craig. The story is of the simplest description, and its beauty lies in the way it is told. Its theme is that of the love of a father and his daughter for each other; and the father is portrayed by Hugh E. Wright. It is a story of that nature of which the bare account in letterpress gives no idea of its beauty or of its appeal to healthy sentiment. It deals with everyday life, mostly in the country; but there are scenes in London as well. The author has set out with the idea of portraying simple truths with a homely touch, bearing in mind the fact that they are the simple acts of bravery or devotion which can stir a million minds. No great thrills are needed to touch the heartstrings of the multitude; it is a question of presentation of the subject in what is felt to be the right way. Mr. Pearson is putting his heart and soul into the production of "Mary Find-the-Gold," and the artistes are working their hardest to give him the needed support.

At the same time Mr. Bentley is at work upon the Welsh-Pearson production of "Little Nell," an adaptation of Dickens' story "The Old Curiosity Shop." Many of the interiors are finished, and Mr. Bentley took advantage of the December snow to get some magnificent exterior scenes. The part of Nell is played by Mabel Poulton, that of the grandfather by William Lugg, whilst the whimsical character of Codlin is interpreted by Hugh E. Wright. This film version of one of Dickens' best-loved tales is being done with an idea of getting the right atmosphere of the period; not merely the accurate presentation of scene or costume, but an effort to express in picture form the true spirit of the time.

Mr. Bentley holds a unique position as a film producer, having many successes to his account, notably the remarkably fine film "Milestones." He is an acknowledged authority upon the delineation of characters in the works of Charles Dickens, his acting of character sketches from this great author having made his fame. Therefore, his production of a screen adaptation of "The Old Curiosity Shop," under the ægis of Welsh-Pearson, is an event which is creating considerable interest.

YVONNE ARNAUD AND GEORGE GROSSMITH
In "The Naughty Princess."

The Real Test.

A great deal was heard in America, when the British film industry first made its start, of the terrible English climate which it was said would make the production of really good films an impossibility. The same tale has been repeated over and over again, in spite of the obvious success which has attended British enterprise. There cannot, however, be anything so very terrible about the climate when producer after producer comes over here from America to produce scenes with a British setting. The latest story has it that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are to pay us a visit, and are to do a lot of work actually in this country. The trip is to be no mere jaunt to keep alive the interest of the British cinema-goer, but is to have as its object serious film business. Perhaps in future we may hear a little less of this endless disparagement of a climate which, after all, does not seem bad enough to keep away the two best known Californian stars.

RED HOT REALISM.
THE FILM IN REAL EARNEST.

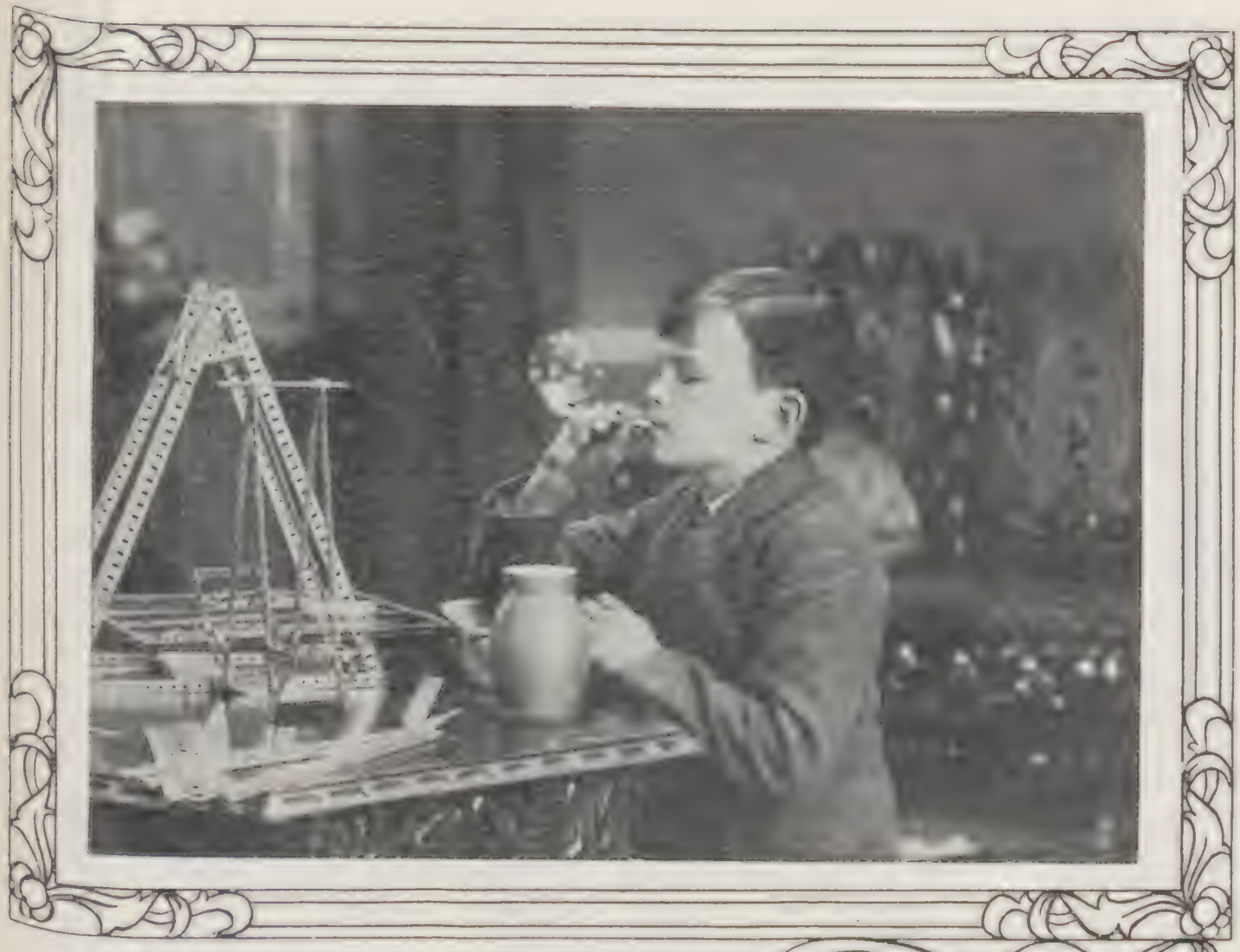
By HAROLD WHATES.

THIS is a story about the taking of a film a few years ago. At the time I write about there was, you may remember, a war in progress, in which this country was involved, but it was different from all previous wars inasmuch as the learned called it a WAR OF IDEAS, with capitals, just like that, and all the real fighting was done by BRAINS on the home front. Bearing these interesting facts in mind, it is hardly necessary to introduce the reader to the Ministry of Morale, that incomparable body of satellites revolving around the one great Sun. To drop metaphor, the omniscient Intelligence which directed this nation to ultimate victory worked through human agencies, and amongst those was the cinematograph. One day IT decided that we did not know enough about each other, and particularly were the men in the Services ignorant and careless about the truly national meaning of the struggle. From this idea flowed a host of films designed to bring home to us in the Service the heroic devotion of our less fortunate and strictly rationed fellow-countrymen and country-women. There was, for instance, that touching drama, "The Bomb Girl," which was exhibited at I don't know how many Air Stations. In the first place, we were introduced to the sweet young thing decidedly over-eating herself at the factory canteen and engaged in various social amusements when the day's work was over. It is true that the climax of the film showed her smirking at an automatic lathe which was turning out 18-pounder shells with super-human intelligence and exactitude, but the point was not missed. What pilot could look on this picture without repenting of his past indifference? He who had been in the habit of watching the flight of the bomb he had just dropped with a curse if it proved a dud, or, which was even more inexcusable, an oath when it missed the target, resolved forthwith to live a better life and think of his bombs as the loving products of fair fingers. Then there was that other film which never failed to produce a profound effect, which showed the process of manufacture of an aerial propeller. At the close, when the finished article was shown in the drying chamber, its final coat of varnish glossy, and probably sticky, a statuesque young lady, unemotional to a degree, one would think, paused to gaze at its beauty, and then in a momentary gust of feeling imprinted a chaste kiss on the glittering surface. Strong men would swallow hard, and I remember a Flight Commander with the D.S.O. bursting into tears, and refusing to be comforted, in spite of the fact that we pointed out that the propeller in the picture was obviously meant for an airship, so could not have been the one he broke the day before and cut up for a walking-stick. This was one side of the Ministry of Morale's activities. The reverse was the provision of films for munition workers, and here we had a chance to "put across the sob stuff." It was decided to take a picture of an air fight over the sea, and the job was given to an East Coast Air Station. Owing to an oversight we did not possess a seaplane capable of fighting, with the result that our patrols over the sea were carried out by aeroplanes, which complicated the task of producing the true nautical atmosphere, but we made the best of it with a "Camel." The photographer, a middle-aged man with a permanent melancholy expression, was to be taken up with his camera in a Bristol Fighter. The actual fight would be faked up with models, one soaked in paraffin and bearing a Black Cross, in a room at the Ministry. First the photographer took a picture of the "Camel" starting from the aerodrome, and the pilot, being a conscientious chap, went through the usual routine of filling up with ammunition and testing his machine guns, before taking the air with a fine climbing turn. Then the camera man made himself comfortable in the back seat of the Bristol Fighter, and they started out after the "Camel." According to plan, the two machines climbed steadily to ten thousand feet, the photographer taking occasional pictures of the "Camel" and of the sea-shore beneath, and at this height the drama commenced. It was arranged that the man with the camera should wave his white handkerchief, whereupon the "Camel" was to fly quite close, and then make a vertical dive. This episode was to be called, with severe simplicity, "The Enemy is Sighted." The signal was duly made, but instead of diving, the "Camel" put its nose up and away from the two-seater, and was lost sight of in the glare of

the sun. It is no easy matter to carry on a conversation in a swift aeroplane stripped for fighting, travelling at over a hundred miles an hour at ten thousand feet, but the photographer managed to let his pilot know something was amiss. It was the pilot's turn to be puzzled, but not for long, for his trained sight spotted what the " Camel " was after. He opened his throttle full and swung the machine around after the " Camel," then gave way to the lamentable relief of swearing when he remembered that he had not been conscientious, and, consequently, had no ammunition. Then the photographer made out, a long way off, three machines utterly unlike any he had seen before, and grasped the fact that he was about to witness a real air fight. It disappointed him grievously. The " Camel " seemed to take things so leisurely, and the three German seaplanes were so happily ignorant of their danger. Two of the seaplanes, when the first shots were fired, made off out to sea, leaving the larger and slower machine to follow as best it could. There were no heroics, no diving or looping or rolling; simply a seaplane and an aeroplane following each other's tails in a solemn circle. The seaplane was firing continuously, but without effect, her observer evidently being nervous. The " Camel " pilot, who had some experience of the game, held his fire and manœuvred for position. The pilot of the Bristol Fighter made a wide détour to cut off the retreat of the large seaplane, and as he steadied his course, shouted at his passenger, " Take a picture, you ——— fool." " I am, damn you," replied the photographer, who had learned the elementary lesson that to make a message carry in the air it must be driven forward with an oath behind it. His instinct had led him to use his camera for some minutes past, and he wasn't going to be taught his job by a pilot who had forgotten his ammunition. The end came quickly, the patient " Camel " pilot getting that favourite position beneath his adversary's tail, and at last firing his twin machine guns. The seaplane was raked fore and aft, and sank down in a flat spin, like a leaf in autumn. The photographer watched it until the surface of the sea below was broken by a splash of white foam, and he got back to the aerodrome in time to take a picture of the " Camel " landing. So that is the story of the only picture ever taken of an air fight, and it was a failure. The machines on the film were tiny midges, and their circling meaningless and dull. What happened to it I do not know, but it was never shown in public, and the last I heard was that correspondence between the Ministry of Morale and the Deputy-Controller-General of Service Films was still in progress when the lives of these Departments were prematurely terminated two years after the Armistice.

MISS JUNE CAPRICE.

As popular as she is pretty.



NICHOLAS WORCESTER,

Violet Hopson's clever little son, who plays with his mother in the Horace Annesley Vachell picture, "Her Son."

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN AND FRANCIS CARPENTER,

Two irresistible little film stars who could teach some grown-up players a thing or two!

Mr. WALTER WEST.

MASTERS OF MOVIES.

WITHIN easy reach of Piccadilly there are two big film studios. One is situated in Walthamstow, near Epping Forest, the other is at Catford. Both are near enough to London to be conveniently situated for the transport thereto of artists, furniture, and necessary "props," and both are sufficiently near the wide, open country to be within easy distance of country mansions, beautiful gardens, old-world villages, historical buildings, and all the other "locations" demanded by the live motion picture manufacturer.

These studios are never idle, for, supplied as they are with every up-to-date appliance in the way of artificial lighting, the varying weather conditions do not affect the work carried on within these big glass factories. From 8.30 a.m. until 6 p.m. the studios are veritable hives of industry. In these studios are made British films whose audiences number millions of people of every nationality and clime.

From the studios to Wardour Street is a short journey, and here, in a quiet office, is situated the hub of this vast business.

Not until one has spent a day with Mr. Walter West does one realise the work which the organisation of a large motion picture manufactory entails.

Nine-thirty a.m. finds him at his London office attending to his correspondence, interviewing various people directly and indirectly connected with the film industry.

Scarcely a day passes that he does not visit his studios to supervise the work of his producers. Every foot of film which passes through any one of the Broadwest cameras is submitted to Mr. West for approval before it is passed finally for inclusion in the finished production.

He is one of the new order of business men who regard their workers, not as mere cogs in a mass of machinery, but as individuals who are given every opportunity to develop their respective talents. Despite his gigantic task of organisation, which the successful running of such a business as that of Broadwest Films now entails, Mr. West still retains his role of producer-in-chief. When he sets to work on a picture there is no loitering—his plans are carefully laid before the first "shot" is registered. He knows exactly what he requires, and has the genius to get it.

And all the time scenarios are still prepared, artists for forthcoming productions are interviewed, the big deals are not postponed for a more opportune moment, the member of the staff who has a grievance is not told to "see me again when I have more time to spare," suggestions from members of the public and from his friends are not turned down "because I am too busy"—work goes on just the same whether Mr. West is producing or not.

From Monday morning until Saturday night, and frequently on Sunday, too, Mr. West works, and when he works he encourages others to do the same by the sheer force of his vital magnetism.

Seven years ago Broadwest films were housed in a tiny studio scarcely bigger than a conservatory, and a one-roomed office. Five years' war robbed "Broadwest" of Mr. Walter West's service, as of the majority of their staff; but during all its vicissitudes the guiding hand has kept a firm grip on the activities of this huge British firm. Broadwest films are now exhibited in every corner of the globe. They are welcomed not only because the names of their stars—Violet Hopson, Stewart Rome, and Gregory Scott—are household words, but because of that distinctive note which gives Broadwest films their outstanding individuality.

Mr. West's greatest success has been the screening of the racing novels from the pen of the inimitable Nat Gould.

In passing, it is interesting to know that Mr. Walter West first awakened the exhibitors to the fact that the block-booking system was ruining the British film industry. His after-lunch and entirely impromptu speech in Glasgow set the ball rolling, with the result that release dates are now being brought forward.

He also has tremendous faith in the original film story. As many as eight Broadwest productions have been founded on original stories, and they have proved great successes. Mr. Andrew Soutar has just completed an original story for Broadwest, and this film will be personally produced by Mr. West.

For 1921 a huge programme has been planned, and although the output of Broadwest films in 1920 was double that of previous years, Mr. West hopes to break all records during the forthcoming twelve months.

Eighteen months have seen more progress in Broadwest films than eight years have shown in many American films. And the secret lies with Mr. Walter West.

B.B.

GEOGRAPHY BY CINEMA.

Mark Twain's Cousin (Miss Mildred Leo Clemens) in Hawaii.

MISS Mildred Leo Clemens is a much-travelled lady. Armed with a camera and a voluminous notebook she has explored the American West, the Canadian Rockies, Australia, New Zealand, the Hawaiian Islands, and has travelled all through—I fancy she would have me spell that word of eight lived at Portland, Oregon, until she went to college. It was the view of the Cascade Mountains in the distance and the sight of the shipping on the Columbia River that crystallised her desire for travel. She then finished her education at the Berkeley University of California and obtained her A.B. degree,

MILDRED LEO CLEMENS,
With one of her little Hawaiian friends of which she talks so eloquently. Rambling through paradise—Hawaii.

" thru "—the Western World. She is a cousin of that delicious humorist, Mark Twain, and confesses that it was largely through reading his books and particularly the two parts of " Roughing It," the second part of which we know in England as " The Innocents at Home," that she first became inspired with a desire to follow his example and explore the world. Her mother, as it happens, was an English woman and was born at West Bromwich, but she herself was born at Connecticut, and from the age the equivalent of our Bachelor of Arts. It is, however, only with her travels through the Islands of magical Hawaii that her present lectures are dealing, and assisted by a special troupe of native musicians and dancers, and with the aid of movies, she is giving London a most realistic picture of Hawaii as she saw it. She is rather proud of the fact that her first visit to these Islands took place exactly fifty years after the first visit of her illustrious cousin. She has recently made her fifth visit, and claims to have seen more of

them than any other visitor. At any rate, she was made a "Daughter of Hawaii," and thereby a member of the most exclusive circle to which only the best-born native women are admitted. She is a "kaamaiana," or, roughly translated, an "old hand" in contrast to the newcomer and stranger, who is a "malihini." In London, says Miss Clemens, she and her Hawaiian boys are "malihinis."

I asked Miss Clemens how she first came to make use of the cinematograph to illustrate her lectures on the Islands.

"Oh, I was very lucky," she replied, "as I found a cinema company already there. They were taking certain scenes for an American Company, and I was able to borrow their photographer to take some special pictures for me. Of course, I had used the cinema before in America, and had realised how very much more alive the motion pictures were than stills. Later, I found a friend to bring out a special camera, and we travelled round the Islands—I visited all the five inhabited islands—taking pictures of the most beautiful spots."

Miss Clemens is enthusiastic about the beauties of Hawaii, all the islands of which are volcanic in formation. The lighting at first, however, caused some difficulties. "It was very deceptive," she explained, "and although I have taken hundreds of still photographs—I have taken more than ninety per cent. of all my illustrations—I found that I needed a much wider lens than one would expect from the brilliance of the sun. The same thing held good with the movie camera."

Miss Clemens devoted a lot of her time to photographing the many craters with which the islands abound, and several of her best results were obtained on the very brink of craters actually discharging lava at the time. It was a dangerous habit at times, as if one leaves the regular tourists' track there is always the chance of falling through the crust which forms on the top.

"And what was your most exciting experience," I asked, "in this hunt for effective film pictures?"

"It was on the Island of Mani. A friend and I had decided to explore the crater of Haleakala, which is said to be the largest extinct crater in the world, and we were lent ponies by the owner of a sugar plantation on the island. The horses you hire are pretty poor sort of beasts. We had to pass through a number of gulches, and when we were half way across one of the famous Hawaiian storms came on, and these gulches became torrents of water. It was pitch dark, and the horses began to slip and stumble on the slippery track. We were on the 'ditch trail' (of which Jack London writes) with a precipice on one side and a ditch overflowing with this roaring torrent on the other. All the light we had was that of a candle, which we tried to keep alight inside a hat. Naturally, it was always going out, and in the end, after we had used up all our matches, we had to go on without a light at all, never knowing what we were coming to next. You can imagine how relieved we felt when at last we found ourselves in safety."

"There is rather a strange sequel to this experience," Miss Clemens added. "A lady, living in London, came to my lecture the other day, heard my account of the island of Mani, and has asked me to have dinner with her one night soon. She is the aunt of the planter who was so kind to us in lending his horses, and very naturally is eager to hear more about the place where her nephew is at work."

Miss Clemens told me that as soon as her season at the Philharmonic Hall is finished she intends to take her film of Hawaii into the provinces, and is to visit all the largest provincial towns. She is touring with her troupe of genuine Hawaiian musicians, and makes a special point of their genuineness. "When I was lecturing in America," she explained, "there was such a demand for Hawaiian music—it's the vogue in London, now, isn't it?—that managers who booked me were often unable to give me the real thing. In consequence, I found that my music was being supplied by Italians, Spaniards, or anyone else who happened to have learnt to play the ukulele. While I have been in London I have had several letters from people who play the native instrument asking if I can give them a job, but I always answer that all my boys are natives of the Hawaiian Islands."

I spoke to one of her boys, who happened to be waiting in the hotel to talk to her, and who had acted as bodyguard to the Prince of Wales when he was surf-bathing in Hawaii. He assured me that there was hardly a single Hawaiian musician left in the Islands. It appears that there is such a demand for this haunting music in the States and in Europe that all the musical talent has been tempted by big salaries from their native shores. All the same, he confessed, even a big salary does not entirely make up for the wonderful climate which they have given up for the fogs and damp of London.

SCENARIOS IN BRIEF.

This Week's Pictures.

The principal " releases " which will be seen at the leading Picture Houses either this week, or at the beginning of next week, include :—

LORNA DOONE.....*Butcher*
THE GARDEN OF RESURRECTION.....*Stoll*
BUILDERS OF CASTLES.....*United Kingdom*
THE BRAT.....*Jury*
A DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS.....*Walturdaw*
JOY.....*Gaumont*
A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE RICH.....*Phillips*
EYES OF YOUTH.....*F.B.O.*
HE LAUGHS LAST.....*Vitagraph*
THE FEUD.....*Fox*

This week's films are full of stories which centre round the ladies of the chorus, or other phases of theatrical life. " The Brat," " A Little Brother of the Rich," and " Joy," all three have a chorus girl heroine.

The legion of admirers of the incomparable Nazimova will throng to the picture theatres next week to see her latest play, " The Brat," which is due for " release " on Monday next, 24th. The story is an adaptation of Maude Fulton's stage play, and shows Nazimova in a part that is totally different from anything she has ever done. " The Brat " is a creature of moods as variable as April zephyrs—as fleeting as sunbeams dancing on a bubble.

The Brat, a child in years, loses her " job " in the chorus of a New York theatre owing to her shabby appearance. She leaves the theatre, and on her way home stops before a luncheon place, but her purse is empty. Stephen Forrester, a dissolute young spendthrift, who had followed her, offers her money, and upon her refusal to take it he becomes insulting. She slaps his face; a crowd gathers, and she is arrested and taken to the " Night Court."

MacMillan Forrester, a successful author, who has dropped into the Court in search of local colour, sees the Brat, and realises she is the type he is looking for, and proposes to the judge, who is a friend of his, that he be allowed to take her home, promising that she will be well cared for by his mother. Fed, clothed, and comfortable, the Brat is good to look at, and MacMillan finds keen inspiration in her ready wit and fiery nature. His mother, however, and Angela, his fiancée, are disgusted at what they consider another of his mad notions.

The Brat and Stephen meet again, and she finds that he is MacMillan's younger brother. One day Stephen comes to his brother for money, MacMillan, busy with his book, asks the Brat to find the key of the safe. After giving the money to Stephen he returns the key to the girl, and she drops it into her pocket. Stephen is hard pressed by a moneylender, and is drinking heavily. Thinking to save him, the Brat takes the key from the cellarette and puts it into her pocket with the other. Stephen and Angela are both intensely jealous of the Brat. The former, upon being refused more money, accuses his brother of being interested in the girl, while Angela misses no opportunity of insulting her and making her life miserable. MacMillan, however, is becoming more and more interested in her.

LITTLE RENE AS " JOY."
A Happy Afternoon Tea Party in " Joy."

The Brat is asked to dance for a charity bazaar. On going upstairs to dress, she overhears Stephen and the moneylender in a hot argument. Stephen promises the money on the following day. As the Brat runs up the stairs he sees her and demands the key to the cellarette. She throws it to him. Stephen finds that the key is not for the cellarette, but for the safe. He instantly sees the opportunity of getting the money for the man who is hounding him.

Owing to a spiteful trick of Angela's, the Brat's dance is a failure, and not waiting for the others, she runs home in shame. She finds Stephen rifling the safe, and takes the money from him. At this moment the others arrive, and the Brat is accused of being the thief. With despair she sees that MacMillan also believes her guilty. Her misery is too much for Stephen, and he confesses his guilt. The joy that spreads over MacMillan's face tells Angela where his love lies, and she quietly places her engagement ring on the table and leaves the Brat and the author to their new-found happiness.

" A Little Brother of the Rich " is a six-part Phillips' production from the book and play of the same name by Joseph Medill Patterson, and " features " Kathryn Adams, Frank Mayo, and J. Barney Sherry. The story, which is frankly melodramatic and not particularly " nice," is so full of

hackneyed situations that it will not bear describing. It may prove very popular with audiences who like strong meat.

" Joy," an Anglo-Hollandia film, presented by the Gaumont Company, " features " a juvenile star in the person of " Little René," whom they describe as " The Wonder Child "—and, undoubtedly, she is a very clever and fascinating little actress. The picture is also remarkable for the efforts the Anglo-Hollandia Company have made to secure an " international " interest for their films.

The picture was produced in Holland by an Englishman, and amongst the people playing the principal parts are a Russian actress, a Spanish actress, the French child actress already mentioned, a Dutch actor, and an English actor! In the particulars which have been supplied to me there is no mention of the producer's name, which seems rather hard luck. A man who could produce a mixed company like this deserves a little recognition as well as sympathy! I hasten to add, however, that his efforts are quite successful, although the plot is not by any means new.

The play tells of a runaway marriage, brought about by an aristocratic Englishman's disapproval of his son's love for a chorus girl. The son is disowned, and, after drifting into poverty with his young wife, leaves her to try and find fortune abroad. After the birth of her little daughter the young wife returns to the theatre, but as the child grows up, afraid that she may become contaminated by the stage atmosphere, the mother sends her to the grandfather in England. Here—as one expects—the child artfully worms her way into the old man's heart, and they all live happily ever after!

Norma Talmadge in "A Daughter of Two Worlds."

"BETTY,"

The wonderful little canine actor in " The Garden of Resurrection," with her master, Guy Newall.

This week's principal screen adaptation of a popular novel is " Lorna Doone," from the famous romance of Exmoor, by R. D. Blackmore. It is excellently done, the locations having been chosen with great care and fidelity to the original, and Dennis Wyndham and Miss " Bertie " Gordon are excellent in the two principal parts.

Norma Talmadge will be seen on and after next Monday, 24th January, in " A Daughter of Two Worlds," an adaptation of Le Roy Scott's story of the same name, which presents the life of the underworld and the world where the law is respected and society is dominant. It is a picture of rich melodramatic action, sprinkled with scenes of effective sentiment and romance, and Miss Talmadge has in " Jennie Malone," a product of the underworld, a role that permits her to reach the emotional heights.

The plot is concerned with the transformation of the girl into a respected member of society. Her father's ambition is to give her an opportunity to find expression in a world that is foreign to him. She becomes mixed up in a forgery case, and breaking her bail, is hidden away in a boarding-school, from which, after your years, she emerges with her father's ambition gratified. But the menace of the past stalks in her path, and one day she is arrested on an old forgery charge.

The crisis is reached when she is confronted with the alternative of giving away her true identity at the risk of losing her fiancé and her place in society, or remaining silent at the cost of the life of a friend of the underworld who has been wrongly accused of murder.

MISS DORA LENNOX

Who is playing the leading role in Percy Nash's production of Conan Doyle's famous story, "The Croxley Master."

THE CYNIC AT THE CINEMA.

By J. T. Kirk.

IT all happened through Euphemia's sharpness. At the time I fear I publicly described it as sharp practice, but privately I rather admired her for it.

It was like this. A long line of ancestors of the "fine old" type have endowed me with a characteristic which they, dear old gentlemen, would have called unyielding British firmness, and one which the present unregeneration would express by a word much less complimentary. I will concede enough to modern ideas to call it prejudice.

Well, one of my strongest prejudices is against the cinema. Wild horses, or, if one must be up-to-date, one hundred tractors all pulling together would not drag me inside one of those "palaces" whose outsides dazzle one with glaring arc lamps as if the streets were not lit up, while their interiors are plunged in the blackness of pitch. But what the tractors could never have accomplished was easily achieved by Euphemia's cunning. (Her people did rather well in business I have heard.) I was weak enough to commit some trivial indiscretion at a party which Yolande gave to some of her contemporaries, was duly named for a forfeit, and handed over my signet ring as surety. I ought to have suspected something when Euphemia appointed herself arbitress and seated herself blind-folded (what a travesty of Justice) with Yolande, who was smiling one of her catty little smiles, kneeling, also blind-folded, at her feet. But I didn't.

I ought also to have taken warning from a whispered conversation between mother and daughter just before the penalties were begun. But again, poor, trusting fool, I didn't. Whispering is one of woman's privileges.

I leave to your imagination, then, the feelings when I heard my sentence delivered after considerable pummelling of the knee of the elder lady by the first of the younger, that the owner of "this fine thing" (my ring) was to take his wife and daughter to the cinema the very next evening.

I appealed; I protested; I talked of all the men who would like to have dinner with me, and of all the men I had promised to have dinner with; I offered a concert, a theatre, even a pantomime—anything, anything but the cinema. It was useless. The High Priestess had spoken.

* * *

At 7.30 the next evening the garden gate swung to behind me with a metallic clang. My gaolers were on either side of me. It was a miserable night. The rain fell pitilessly. My feet plashed the water up my legs. I made a last appeal for a reprieve, or, at least, a postponement till it should be fit to turn a dog out. No hope. No taxi; and the "palace" a good ten minutes' walk. My two guards, I will say this for them, tried to make it as easy as possible for me by putting my trial in its rosiest light. We were going to see, so they said, "How Alberic Came Home," in five reels. I had seen a few men that day so filled with the Christmas spirit that it took them a good many more than five reels to get home, and, anyway, I thought it eminently sensible of Alberic, whoever he was, to be going home on a night like that. I hinted as much. Silence fell. So did the rain. We approached the marble halls.

It was at the entrance that I "dropped my first brick." (Yolande's phraseology.) Dazzled by the lights, with my eyelashes dripping rainwater, I made out a figure standing at the pay-box, apparently an officer of the Guards, though why there in the braided, frock-coat uniform I couldn't think. Perhaps he had skipped mess dinner without "warning out." I had politely stood aside for him to take his tickets when I received a violent push in the back, heard "Now, then, old stick-in-the-mud; no heel-taps," in Yolande's dulcet tones, and found myself looking into the depths of the pay-clerk's eyes. She was a pretty little thing. The Guardsman had admirable taste, but what he thought of Yolande's manners I dread to imagine.

I paid up and followed the others forward. A curtain fell behind me, and there I stood, a stranger in a strange land of inky blackness with a square of white gleaming in the distance. Hesitating but an instant I hurried forward to help the women (all bitterness went in a twinkling), when I brought up with my foot on Euphemia's toe, and my eye in dangerous proximity to her hatpin. They had found a seat. Who said that women aren't cats? Away to the right they went, myself following. Aha. Something firm behind my knees. A seat! Gaudeamus! With a sigh I sat down—right in the lap of a lady who herself was in the lap of Morpheus. I leaped to my feet again and struck out madly to the right, tripping over feet, gouging the thumb of my right hand into eyes and clutching bunches of human hair with my left. At last I came into calm water. Carefully this time I prepared to sit down. A hand snatched a bowler hat from underneath me just in time.

I was breathing hard. Perspiration rolled down my face. How could people go to such places. I started. Horrible thought! It had all to be gone through again, else how was I to get out? I sank low into my seat in despair, and at length overcome, I dropped into a peaceful slumber.

* * *

How long I slept I can't say. It seemed hours after when Euphemia nudged me and demanded if I intended spending the night there. My head was clearer now, and I crept carefully out. The seats alongside had emptied while I slept. There was no mishap, but I did not feel safe till I had passed under that awful curtain. I drank in the sweet fresh air. My spirits rose. It was still raining, but what matter? I didn't even turn my collar up. I laughed loud and long, and set a merry pace.

"I'm glad you liked the pictures so much, dear," said Euphemia, sweetly.

I was quiet in a moment. Pictures! Pictures! Great heaven, I'd forgotten to look for them.

* * *

Nevertheless—but not a word to Euphemia!—I'm going again!

MISS MARY DIBLEY.

MISS MARY DIBLEY.---SCREEN VERSUS STAGE.

By George Woodham-Smith.

ONE of the big film controversies rages round the question whether stage experience is essential to success in Movieland. Miss Mary Dibley, who is under contract with George Clark Productions, is emphatic on the subject.

" I am sure that stage experience is necessary," she said, " for the beginner on the film. Of course, there have been exceptions, but very few of them. Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin both started on the stage."

" And what does the stage give the artist," I asked, " that he or she cannot get as well in the studio?"

" Movement and self-confidence. It needs a theatre audience to give one assurance and to teach one how to walk and to use one's hands. It is almost impossible, or, at any rate, much more difficult, to learn all that in front of the awfully silent camera. If you ' walk on ' in a film crowd there is so little chance of getting enough work to teach you anything. But if you go on tour in a small part, you may be—and probably are—terribly bad when you begin, but by the end of a long tour you are giving quite a sound performance. It is these night after night performances that teach so much."

Miss Dibley confessed that her own stage beginning was almost accidental—that is if one can call a husband an accident. I gathered that he, Mr. Gerald Ames, should be given most of the credit—and thanks. She was studying art in London under Professor Donne when she met him. He was in Mr. F. R. Benson's Stock Company at the time, and she became fired with a desire to try the drama, too. She studied under Miss Elsie Fogerty, and appeared in a Greek play. Benson saw the performance and afterwards asked her if she would like to play a part in his company. She admitted she would—very much. Her fiancé, she explained, was in the company, and if she got a part they could be married and could honeymoon on tour. Mr. Benson was amused, she got the part, and they did. Miss Dibley tells an amusing—no, a pathetic—story of how every Saturday evening she played the part of an armoured knight in Richard III. The armour was amazingly heavy, and her hair invariably became entangled in the mechanism of the helmet. " I usually ended the evening," she confessed with an unregretful smile, " in tears on my dressing basket. I did enjoy those days though, and the experience was invaluable."

" And do you never want to go back to the stage?" I asked.

" Well, sometimes I do," she admitted after a moment's hesitation. " I love the films, and everyone is so delightful in the studio, but just occasionally I remember the feeling of the theatre and a packed audience. You go on to the stage feeling a little tired or run down, and you come off exhilarated and refreshed after drawing on the vitality of the audience. There is never quite the same feeling in the studio."

" And your favourite part?" I murmured.

The lady was emphatic.

" Oh, an emotional one—undoubtedly. I am not the flapper type, you know—the fluffy sort of person. Now, am I?"

Miss Dibley, of course, is not. She possesses too vigorous a personality to be mistaken for anything so negative.

" It was in emotional parts," she went on, " that I found my principal difficulty when I started on the films. On the stage one works up by degrees to one's climaxes, and they come as a natural development. On the film one may have to play the big scene first and do the introductory scenes a month later. I always seem to be unlucky, too. Just when I have worked myself up to a pitch of intense feeling, and, in a pathetic scene perhaps, am really weeping, the film runs out, and the scene has to be stopped while the camera man reloads. It's so difficult to regain the atmosphere when once you have got cold. It's for that reason, I think; that emotional scenes for the screen are more difficult than on the stage."

After an hour's talk with Miss Dibley I know that her enthusiasm for the film and the stage is a real thing, that her sincerity on the stage is no histrionic pose but a part of herself, that she possesses a delightful voice and a very charming manner, and that she keeps ammoniated quinine for those of her friends who have colds!

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A CHANCE FOR BRITISH PRODUCERS.

By Eric E. Paris.

HOW long must we wait to see the short film take a place of honour on the screen? Not so many years ago considered "lengthy," the two-reeler is at present classed as "short stuff." No serious attempt to revive it, polish it and be proud of it, has so far been made. The Vitagraph's "O. Henry series" was a move in the right direction, but not far enough. It is not sufficient to produce a film of short length; it must be a film essentially different both in conception and execution from the longer photo-plays. Many famous producers are enthusiastic as to the possibilities of two-reel films—have been for some years—but, being famous, they also seem above association with "little pictures." D. W. Griffith produced a few short stories a year or two ago—"A Romance of Happy Valley" being about the only one shown, or likely to be shown, in this country—but they also were short rather in length than in treatment.

What would constitute an ideal short photo-play? Well, there is good guidance to be found in literature for this matter. Magazines, for instance, contain brilliant philosophy, delicate treatment, dramatic situations and impressive atmosphere within a few pages; these short stories don't attempt to use the methods of a long novel, but create their characters and atmosphere in a few deft strokes—or pictures. And so with the kinema. Just as the short story can show excellence worthy of a novel, and sometimes an effect impossible for the latter to achieve, the short film could equal—perhaps better—the artistry of the lengthy production.

And there are other advantages in a short-reel policy. The scenario-writer, for one, would find in this new class of photo-play a welcome change, with the opportunity to evolve different "treatment" and, maybe, discover the elusive perfection of the kinema art. Actors and actresses would have to *act*; no "stars" would be required. And as for the free-lance screen author—isn't there a ray of hope at last for him here? But by far the most important point is the opportunity available for the British producer. Here is the one chance for him to lead his foreign competitors. Even now he can produce something they have not produced, films with typical British settings "backed" by the acknowledged genius of some of our foremost British authors. And these last, with the necessary encouragement, could assuredly cleave out the new path—to shorter films. But do not suppose that a two-reel film, if it is at all worthy, would cost only two-fifths of the amount required for a five-reel film; it would cost comparatively more than the longer production; for remember that stories just adequate for two-reel films are, with little additional expense, "padded out" into five-reelers—and sold as such. Nevertheless, our ideal short film need not cost so much as the boosted, big production, and yet may one day realise equal money. The present American "slump" proves that the picture-goer's good taste demands something better than the much-advertised super-photo-play.

Why not be the pioneers of a new phase in the "movies?" Why not stimulate a further patronage of kinemas? Why not develop "movie" plays into little gems of art, studies of character, of real pathos and real humour? Let us give the public—who have for so long looked on the short film as something to be tolerated—a magnificent surprise.

Of course, there will be the old outcry: "It will not pay." Nothing pays! All over the world, in art as in industry, one man is left to produce that which "would not pay," must risk his capital for the ultimate benefit of others. How many courageously original undertakings that should not have "paid" now flourish in many a city? In "movie-land," new ideas, unusual stories and methods have been avoided by producers until someone, with the courage of his conviction, finds the "inferior public" eulogising what it was supposed to have disliked; and it has been generally left to Griffith to prove the truth—will it be also left for him to give us the first ideal short film?

Personally, I think that the short film will be the true medium for the much-talked of "something different" in technique. There will be no room for padding; every scene must play its definite, incisive part in the story.

Perhaps it is too distant an ideal. But we can at least work towards it; it is worth aiming for. I do not believe that truly artistic films are "above the heads" of cinema patrons. No, the one trouble is that there are too few writers or producers now in "movie-land" who are capable of grasping the true idea.

Our Short Story.

BOUGHT AND PAID FOR.

MARGERY GREY was the rage of her first London season. Margery, you must understand, was a genuine *ingénue*, pure and sweet as the first spray of hawthorn blossom wafting its perfume on the Maytime air.

Her mamma, being fully aware of the allurement of virginity for a wealthy, jaded amorist, had made it her business to ensure her daughter's value in the highest market according to this well-defined commercial standard. So that Margery, at twenty, fresh from her convent school, according to the best worldly matchmaking traditions, was an exquisite piece of animated Dresden china, with just enough brains to enable her to suffer with her heart, which was quite a nice little heart, free from malice, but not particularly strong in fibre.

At the moment (for Mamma, with the notorious luck of the devil's disciples, had hit on a mutually happy choice), Margery was living on the rare heights of adolescent awakening to Love, with a capital L. She was enjoying this dance, given in her honour, as only Youth can enjoy.

Fanning her flushed face, with eyes aglow behind the accommodating screen of ostrich feathers (the gift of her fiancé, Sir John Trevor, M.P., as were the pearls about her slender throat), she gazed happily into the future. In this little palm alcove she was free to dream her dreams. Sir John had just left her, with obvious reluctance, to dance with her cousin Sophie. "A duty dance," he had called it, and she had scolded him charmingly. "Dear, clever Sophie!" she thought. "I wish I were more like her in some ways. I'm sure it's not enough just to be pretty. . . . Perhaps some day——"

Margery became suddenly aware of the sound of subdued but perfectly audible voices from the other side of the alcove. Instinctively she got up to make known her presence, when she heard Sophie's name. "My dear fellow," said the voice, "everyone at the club knows it. She writes all Trevor's articles, and is obviously his political Aegeria. The fellow has no mentality worth speaking of; it's sheer aggressive physical vitality and that inimitable swagger of his that's carried him through—with Sophie Carstairs 'feeding' him *sub rosa*. I'm sorry for that lovely little Grey girl. What? oh! the usual designing mamma, of course. You may bet it's no secret to the old lady that the Carstairs girl has been Trevor's——"

Margery did not faint. Modern girls don't. But her heart was giving her trouble, all the same. She did the sensible thing. She made her way quietly and unostentatiously to the cloakroom, slipped into her wraps, hailed a taxi and went home to think things over.

* * *

As she had anticipated, half an hour later Sophie and Sir John were with her. Sophie was solicitous and elder-sisterly, as always. "What on earth? ——" she began. But Margery—an unfamiliar Margery—silenced her with a look. "I want to talk to you alone, Sophie, please. Perhaps Sir John will be good enough to leave us. The others are in the library."

And then Margery talked—with the eloquence of a grown-up schoolgirl, about her fallen idol. To think that he had been battening on Sophie's brains! And that—— "and that—— oh! Sophie!" . . . Margery could say no more. She took refuge in tears.

Fortunately for Margery, Sophie was a good woman, too, judged by a somewhat different but perhaps more practical standard in this queer world where virtue wears so many faces. And Sophie just took Margery's tear-stained face between her two capable hands. "Margery dear," she said, "when your're as old as I am you'll have lost heaps of illusions and gained much serenity. Does it really matter to you very much that John has tumbled off the rather silly pedestal you put him on? Why, my dearest baby, he's not the only big politician or public man who owes his reputation to a 'ghost.' What's a ghost? Why, the man or woman—generally a woman, because she has a queer little habit of loyalty—behind the scenes, whose brains are bought and paid for. Half the big literary and political lions would fall to pieces without an efficient 'ghost.' All that doesn't affect John's love for you or your love for him one iota. Now does it?"

"Oh! Sophie!" . . . (Margery was already drying her eyes). "I don't think it was that which hurt me so much, although I had hero-worshipped him in that way, too. . . . But—but—Sophie, I've been trying to tell you. . . That abominable man hinted that you were—— that you had been his—— oh! I can't soil my lips with the word when

Up-to-date small boy (no longer a connoisseur of cigarette pictures): "Got a Trade Show ticket on yer, guvnor?"

BOUGHT AND PAID FOR—continued.

I look at you. . . ." The tearful grey eyes were pleading silently for Sophie's denial.

Sophie laid a cool white hand on the trembling mouth. "Hush, baby!" The quiet voice was a caress of understanding. Don't insult yourself and me. You should have come away at once, and not listened to slanderous gossip. But I won't scold you, you poor tired little girl. I'll just bring John to you now, and you'll soon forget all this nonsense."

* * *

As she closed the door behind her, Sophie smiled—a queer, twisted smile. The memory of ardent caresses and vows of eternal gratitude and fidelity burned in her brain as she went to summon the man who would be able to set at rest for ever the fears of his innocent bride-to-be; the little bride who would never know that cousin Sophie, strong, self-reliant Sophie, who had earned her own living since she was sixteen, had been "bought and paid for"; that she walked jestingly through life with the sword of Destiny deep in her heart.

Happy little Margery! . . . Still less did she suspect that she, too, had been "bought and paid for," and that the devil, in the matter of good bargains, always looks after his own.

FRISSE-POULET.

A MEMBER OF TATTERSALL'S.

THE BOOK OF THE FILM. (Books, Ltd., 2/-).

The famous Granger photo-play which goes by this title has recently been put into book form by Mr. Clive Pemberton, and is being published by Books, Ltd., of 187, Fleet Street, at 2/-. It makes a "racy" little book in more than one sense. Scene succeeds scene with breathless rapidity. Practically the whole of the story is told in dialogue, and any intermediary explanations are given in a few brief, vivid sentences, that carry the reader from situation to situation at record speed.

Mr. Clive Pemberton's task has not been an easy one. In the photo-play the story depends largely for the effectiveness of its appeal upon its spectacular interest—the turf, the paddock, the salons of society. The plot itself holds little of originality. But it is full of human interest, and Mr. Clive Pemberton has made the best use of his material. The story is fairly well known, but a word or two here as to its main features will not be out of place. It deals with a lovable plebeian—a member of Tattersall's, who expends a vast amount of a very considerable fortune for the introduction of his daughter, Mary, into "Society." Mary becomes the victim of a plot to secure herself and her fortune to an impecunious and unscrupulous nobleman, her true love being temporarily eclipsed by a combination of misunderstanding and money troubles. Both rivals seek to mend their fortunes and win the lady by turf speculation. One of them resorts to fouling, and this ultimately leads to his undoing. So true love and integrity meet their reward at last.

The most attractive figure in the story, despite the beauty of Mary, is her fond, foolish, quixotic father. "Foxey," helper and intimate of the member of Tattersall's, is almost as vividly portrayed as the principal character, and his detective methods, if drastic, are refreshingly vigorous.

Briefly, Mr. Clive Pemberton has managed the work of literary adaptation deftly and with considerable ingenuity, but he should beware of such clichés as "a heart of gold" and "burning cheeks and bright eyes."

The little book is neatly bound, has good, clear type, and an attractive wrapper.

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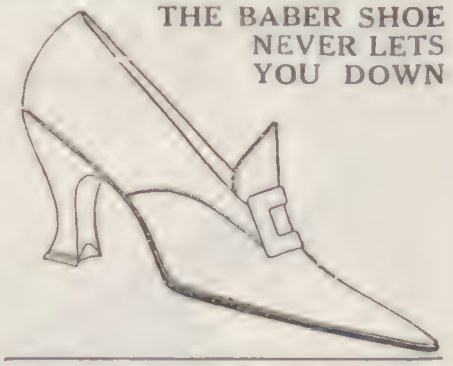

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MISS EDNA FLUGRATH.

(Exclusive to "Movie-Land.")

Miss Flugrath, who plays "Ann Pornick" in the screen version of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," isn't a bit afraid of our great literary lion. "He's just a dear!" she says, with feminine emphasis. "At the famous midnight filming of the restaurant scene at the Savoy I met my great author for the first time. He was kindness itself, and said many nice things about 'Ann.' And then, of course, we found, inevitably, a topic of mutual interest in Russia, for I had spent some strange days in that strange country when 'The Land of Mystery' was being filmed. I am delighted to have the opportunity of playing in the first 'Wells' scenario, though 'Ann,' of course, is not one of the outstanding characters in the book, to which the producer has adhered with the utmost possible fidelity. So much so, that Mr. Wells was kind enough to say that 'Ann' ought to have appeared more frequently in the film version! It was nice to be able to prove to 'Kipps'' creator that we respected his work too well to take 'film' liberties with it. There are so many suffering authors whose work has been 'filmed' out of all semblance to the original. As for George K. Arthur, the 'Kipps' of the picture-play, Mr. Wells metaphorically took him to his heart from the first moment. Altogether, it was an unforgettable evening, with no unhappy psychological undercurrent anywhere. Everyone was delighted with everyone else; and I hope it will prove a happy augury for 'Kipps' when he makes his bow to the public from the silver screen."

DONALD CRISP.

THE REAL "BATTLING BURROWS." DONALD CRISP, OF "BROKEN BLOSSOMS" FAME, AS HIMSELF.

By Molly Guyton.

A CAULIFLOWER ear, a surly, brutal mouth, a swaggering gait that would strike terror into the bravest heart, cruel hands, and a typical bruiser's manner—such were the most noticeable features of the awful character of Battling Burrows as presented by Donald Crisp in D. W. Griffith's great production, "Broken Blossoms." To see him in the part of the terrifying boxer is to feel that he is a brute. Women in the picture house audiences clap their hands when he dies. Could anything be more complimentary to Donald Crisp's creation of Battling Burrows? I think not, for to meet him is to know that he is one of the best. He is the son of a surgeon, who was a member of Queen Victoria's staff during her latter years, and, moreover, he is English.

Despite the fact that he has spent nearly all his life out of England, Donald Crisp has not cultivated the American slang or nasal twang. Occasionally, by the intonation in his voice, one would mark him down as an Australian—but Crisp has been a rover, and has spent his life in many parts of the world. He served in the Boer War, went to Australia, where he hoped to make his fortune, but left that country with just two dollars in his pocket, and a box of wonderful cigars which a Jew tobacconist had given him in mistake for his real purchase—a box of three-a-penny cheroots.

What Crisp has not done is not worth telling. He is a genius, of that there is little doubt. He is poet, musician, philosopher, artist, athlete, idealist and worker. He is blessed with a strange admixture of all the talents, the possession of one of which would make the average person proud. He hates the unreal in anything or anybody, and his sternest critic is himself.

Crisp was attracted to the film business in the early days, when the Biograph Company numbered among its crowd workers such people as Mary Pickford, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Blanche Sweet, and a number of other stars, when the camera man directed the picture, and D. W. Griffith acted in small parts.

With the advance of the new industry, Donald Crisp rose to fame. He was a close associate of and co-worker with D. W. Griffith until "The Birth of a Nation" was completed. It is without any self-adulation that Crisp looks back on his early struggling days and compares them with his present position. To-day this wanderer has come back to London to produce films for the Famous Lasky Company in his own home town.

If asked to talk of himself Crisp will choose such subjects as his hunting, fishing and camping trips, when, away from the whirl and bustle of the studio, he could rest, and during his relaxation weave wonderful dreams of the films he would make. He is a keen student of literature, and spends a great deal of his spare time delving into erudite volumes.

One memorable summer he took a seven weeks' vacation—a thing he had never done before—and accompanied Rex Beach on a fishing trip.

"It was one of the most enjoyable trips of my life," says Crisp. "We grew beards and had all kinds of adventures of which I should never have dreamed. Rex Beach writes only of what he knows and has seen—that holiday seemed like a few chapters from one of his books. Most of the time we were hundreds of miles away from a civilised habitation, and once we got into the mouth of a river, when scarcely had we dropped anchor than 'ping-ping' came the signal that the uncivilised, almost cannibal inhabitants of the island had spotted us. We changed our minds about the anchor, and slipped away into quieter waters."

Crisp has one grouch against London as he sees it to-day—its climate. Reminisencing, he says it is not the first time that climate has annoyed him. He was once sent as a delegate of the Motion Picture Producers' Association of America to meet the "City Fathers" of Hoboken. It had been proposed to build a film city in Hoboken, and Crisp was to oppose the suggestion on behalf of the directors. After having made a long speech as to the whys and wherefores of a film city in the district, the chairman called upon Mr. Crisp to say in as few words as possible just why the motion picture directors thought the idea impracticable. Crisp rose from his chair, took a deep breath, as if preparing for a long oration, clenched his fists and, without any preliminaries, shouted "Climate." Hoboken never saw the foundations of a film studio.

The first British production to be completed under Mr. Crisp's direction in this country is entitled "Appearances," and reflects all the little human weaknesses which are so obvious to such a student of his fellow beings as is Donald Crisp. The film tells the story of a middle-class Englishman and his wife, who are always striving to "keep up appearances."

HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS.

IN my post-bag this week are a number of letters from correspondents who are anxious to know what " type " of story is most likely to find acceptance with film producers, particularly amongst the ever-increasing number of progressive British picture-play companies.

An exceptionally good story will always find acceptance, and certain Continental producers favour the spectacular, but I do not advise an amateur scenario writer to attempt anything with too elaborate or too expensive a setting. Sincerity and simplicity should be the constant aim.

On the subject in general I cannot do better than quote the very sound advice which is given to those who wish to submit film stories for the consideration of the Broadwest Company. The hints given are applicable to those who are sending scenarios to any of the leading firms. The scenario editor says :— " Historical settings are just now in little demand. Foreign settings are not always practicable unless they are capable of improvisation in English scenery. On the other hand, British settings which cannot be reproduced abroad are in strong demand."

Continuing, he says that " there is a real demand for stories of strong human interest with striking features, but certain subjects and settings are not generally popular among exhibitors, and should be avoided. These include war stories, controversial political and religious subjects, propaganda, morbid, gruesome and ultra-sensational topics. Successful films must have a wide appeal to all classes and ages."

Writers should also note that detailed technical scenarios are not wanted except from experienced script writers, and, in any case, a concise narrative of the action of the story is all that is needed in the first instance. This should not, as a rule, exceed 6,000 words, and should be typewritten.

This, I may add, is in accordance with the practice now generally followed in American studios. The " detailed synopsis " is preferred by the studios, as almost every producing company now has its own scenario form, and it would be an utter impossibility for outside writers to learn them all. But a "detailed synopsis " can be used by any company, and, if accepted, will be " picturised " by their own writers to suit their own requirements.

Here are some further hints, very elementary, but probably useful to those who are not professional writers either for the Press or the picture-play. Many scenarios that would otherwise have been acceptable have been rejected because of the confusing arrangement of the manuscript, and in the lack of system on the part of the writer in displaying his wares.

To insure the attention of the scenario editor, the following rules regarding the form of the manuscript should be observed :—

Write your story on good white paper (typewriter second sheets will do).

Use a typewriter if possible; if not, always write in ink.

Write on one side of the paper.

Write your name and address at the top of the first sheet.

Write the price of your play, if you think it advisable.

If it is your first scenario, I would advise the use of the sentence, " Submitted at your usual rates."

In the centre of the sheet, about two spaces below the address, write the name of your play, capitalising the principal words.

Two spaces below the title write the word " synopsis " in capitals.

On the next line begin your synopsis, giving a complete outline of your play in as brief a manner as possible.

Two spaces below your synopsis, and in the centre of the sheet, write the word " Characters."

Below this title write the name, and a very short description of the characters. Only a few words of description is necessary, just enough to explain their relation to the play. Each character should be started on a separate line.

Under the list of characters give the number of scenes in the play, the location of each scene (the " locale "), and whether they are to be interiors or exteriors.

Send one story to one company at a time, and always keep a copy. Never fail to send a self-addressed stamped envelope for return, and do not get discouraged if at first you don't succeed. Remember that screen writing is a fine art which must be acquired.

To sum up a few negative hints :—Don't write scenarios because you have had a personal experience which seems to you sufficiently unusual to make a successful screen play; don't write historical tragedies or plots laid in mythical principalities; don't write with *plot* as the sole reason. Learn the technique of the art, select a good theme, and then develop it and the characters which interpret it.

V.S.

HUMOURS OF THE STUDIO.

By Jack Dodworth.

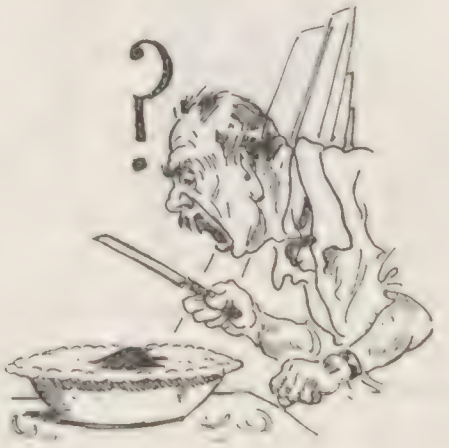
"PLEASE walk to the door opposite. . . . Open it. . . . Imagine there lies the body of a man outside." Thus the producer, as he looks down from his height of some six feet odd into the wrapt gaze of a young aspirant to film fame who is undergoing a trial trip in the studio.

Now this sounds quite simple to the novice until she essays it. And then the fun begins. Walking lightly across the floor she timidly opens the door and looks down with the air of contemplating, with strict impartiality, the morning's milk; then turns to meet the producer's glaring eye. "No! No! More life! More life!! Assume a look of horror, etc.," and, bidding her watch carefully, goes through the performance with a "vim" that leaves the girl staring wide-eyed into a future that has suddenly lost its roseate hue!

In the preparation of a scene "realism" is much sought after. And I remember one instance when a sumptuous banquet had to be prepared. To get the real flavour some of the huge fruit pies were the real thing as regards the crust, beautifully browned and sugared, but underneath an "aching void." After the revellers had "dined," quaffed huge goblets of "foaming lemonade" (the pies remaining untouched), the scene was "shot," and the table left as it was until the repast could be cleared away.

During the scene one of the carpenters had kept a hungry eye on one of these pies, and, seizing his opportunity, deftly conveyed it to his workshop in the studio.

His face, when he plunged his knife through the crust and found nothing but a hollow mockery, was a study in expression that would have rejoiced the heart of any film producer!



An Art director I knew well, a man of most artistic temperament with a wide knowledge of periods, costumes, etc., did not always see eye to eye with the producer. And on one occasion, having with much care set his scene, he invited me to take wine with him. During our absence the producer had re-arranged the set to *his* liking, and when my friend returned and saw it, one realised the traditional poverty of the English language on the emotional side.

Refreshment time in the studio, particularly when a crowd scene is on, is something to be remembered. In the majority of cases the menu is composed of coffee and sandwiches. It is often a case of "number one and the devil take the hindmost," for who knows how long the next scene will take before the producer is satisfied? And to see belted earls and titled ladies remove a huge stack of sandwiches is a lesson in the heart of happy dispatch. Pretty little dreams that are visualised in such scraps of conversation as: "Oh! yes, I left my car at the links." "Fine old place in the country, plenty of

shooting deah boy," are rudely shattered by the stentorian call, "On the floor, *please*. . . ." And down to earth they come.

That things are not always what they seem was amusingly brought home to me by a little episode in the studio. It was a costume play, and in the intervals of filming the various artistes stood and sat at ease anywhere.

Picture a long corridor, at the end a vision like this.

One member of the staff after another would glimpse it and quietly call his friend, who spread the news. "A bit of all right, eh?" "Who is the peach?" This went on for a while until the owner of the dainty limbs got up. And then another illusion was smashed and the staff stole silently away.

The scenic artist in a studio has his trials and tribulations, for the film actor, as a rule, is a careless fellow.

In this case an elaborate tiled floor had been painted, and the scenic artist gazed on his work with conscious pride. After chalking "wet paint" round the border, he retired to lunch. Returning, he was horrified to see a group of artistes having an argument right in the middle of his design! With

tears in his eyes he confided to me that, in his opinion, the only place where Art was appreciated was Italy. The ultimate destination of actors he left to my sympathetic imagination.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE THEATRE.

By Mrs. Gordon Craig.

"THE BLUE LAGOON."

I AM not a pessimist, but I think it must be one of the most difficult tasks imaginable successfully to stage a book which has already taken a hold on the mind of the public, as in the case of Mr. de Vere Stacpoole's romance, "The Blue Lagoon."

Our imaginations have already formed their own pictures as we read, and when it is again put before

FAITH CELLI as "Emmeline."

us, in the flesh, so to speak, it has got to be very convincingly done, or the earlier conception is likely to remain with us. This makes the success with which this play has been staged the more remarkable.

Apart from the fact that it is technically, I should imagine, the most difficult task to produce at all! But the mechanism never shows one. It is most beautifully and wonderfully staged, especially the scenes at sea after the burning of the ship and "The Valley of the Idol," which were to me absolutely convincing. The scenes round the hut were, perhaps, slightly less so, though the background of sea I loved, and it looked splendid during the storm, and is, as a whole, a triumph of staging on the part of Mr. Basil Dean and Mr. George W. Harris.

Norman MacOwan and Charlton Mann are responsible for the adaptions, and have not hesitated to make changes where, for their purpose, it was advisable. The result is eminently satisfactory, and we go away feeling that all is as it should be for these two children of Nature, and that their fate is in the kindest and most sympathetic of hands in the person of the very understanding father, as played by Hesketh Pearson.

The two children are very sweetly impersonated by Freddie Piesley and Madeline Robinson, trained by Italia Conti, and I must confess to a longing to steal the little girl! The boy is getting a little big, and might object to being kidnapped!

The weight of the first two acts falls largely upon these two children, and might be a little too much for them but for the wonderful support of Edward Rigby, as Paddy Button. He is as delightful as ever in this part, with his innate tenderness—barely covered by his rough Irish exterior and the whimsical humour which never forsakes him, even when confronted with death, not only for himself but for his beloved children. That is the greatest charm of all in his performance — the complete absence of any thought of himself—part, of course, of the original conception of the character, faithfully interpreted by the adaptors and Mr. Rigby, whose work I always look forward to whenever I know I am to see it.

We do rather wonder what these two poor children are going to do without him when he eats the poisoned berries and "goes to sleep"—but the curtain falls (eight years elapse), and when it goes up again there they are grown into two fine, healthy-minded young people (untrammelled, happily, perhaps, by the knowledge of life) in the persons of Faith Celli and Harold French as Dick and Emmeline. They are cousins, and love each other instinctively. Emmeline is the first to realise it, Dick being rather annoyingly busy with practical things! But, enlightened by an outburst of passionate rage on the part of Emmeline, they turn instinctively to each other, and when, after a few minutes' interval, the curtain rises once more on them asleep in each other's arms, it seems the most simple and natural thing in the world.

Faith Celli, as Emmeline, gives us a beautiful rendering of a difficult part, not only from its need of delicate handling, but of its extreme slightness. The dialogue, on account of the absence of knowledge on the part of these children, is, perforce, a little limited and halting. This must be very difficult to play, and both performers were extraordinarily successful with it, one of their great charms being that they still seemed to be children, in spite of the change of players. There seemed no strong dividing line in the eight years which had elapsed. They are still "Babes in the Wood," and, as such, immune from criticism, whatever they do.

Harold French is a splendid embodiment of young primitive manhood as "Dick," particularly good in his awakening from unconscious love to the realisation of it, which he never again loses sight of throughout. In the storm scene, although he has little to say, he was most convincing in his agony of anxiety at Emmeline's absence, and in his killing of the castaway. "Throw him to the sharks," says Dick. "Aye! throw him to shark," said an old Yorkshireman behind me, and one felt there was nothing more to be said about it! All the other parts were excellently filled, particularly Néborg, the castaway, by Allan Jeayes, who was realistically repellent, and Captain Fountain, by Roy Byford. Once more our thanks are due to the Reandean Company.

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CLOTHES AND THE WOMAN.

By Madame Halle.

WHAT an age of muffling up it is! Many of us go about looking like mummies with hats instead of eyebrows, ears conspicuous by their absence, and no hands!

A little later, no doubt, we shall emerge somewhat from our state of chrysalis. Meantime, on the whole, it is rather effective, and, I think originated, unconsciously perhaps, with the modern school of portrait painters, who taught us the value of the dark setting as a background for the face, with nothing to detract from it, as any other manner of light colours undoubtedly would. The little touches of white, which we so often insist upon in our dresses, may *lighten* them, but not necessarily *soften* or make them more becoming. White is rather a bad ally, and takes the value out of most other colours rather mercilessly unless used in conjunction with light tones with a great deal of white in them. It is less harmful in transparent materials such as organdi and chiffons. *Solid* white stuff is perhaps the most difficult thing to wear and ermine the most difficult fur. I have to confess to liking it better when it goes a little yellow myself.

In our sketch of to-day the lady's courage only goes as far as required for the collar to her navy blue cloak, and this, with the draped hat of which I told you last week, is a very smart turn-out, and immensely practical. The cloak is cut on circular lines in a very heavy cloth with a simple arrangement by which the "thrown over" end is kept in place, and with only one armhole, for the left hand, which I find a most practical arrangement, as one's belongings can be firmly grasped in the left hand, leaving the right one free and easily extricated for "other homely uses."

Never, I suppose, has there been such an orgy of "Sales" or such an extraordinary slump in the price of things. The craze has even spread to the menfolk, and once more, poor dears, they will be able to collect socks and ties as is their custom.

Any woman who hoarded clothes to the extent our menfolk do would be cried out against in horror, and it's really fortunate that they are more easily put away and take up less room than ours, otherwise we should be crowded out altogether. Personally, I sympathise with a man's pride in his clothes. There is nothing smarter than a well-turned-out man, in spite of their limitations in dress (or, perhaps, because of them), and I must confess to poaching a little on their precincts sometimes, as I find so many of the nicest things are kept for them—especially in the "jersey" line. "Cardigans" I think they call them. Anyhow, they are ever so much nicer than those we have given to us as "jumpers." One gets a little tired, perhaps, of the diversity of colours we women are expected to wear, and the dull browns and greys, with the alternative of the delightful yellow, are rather refreshing. They are kept simpler, too, than ours in design, and being a little on the big side, is rather an advantage than otherwise.

Another thing I have my eye on for house wear is what is called, I believe, a fleece lining, such as our men wore under their Burberrys during the war. They are delightful and, with a little re-adjustment, admirably adapted for women's wear, and deliciously warm and comfortable for wearing indoors in the country with a short tweed skirt, and going out only means slipping one's waterproof over it to be provided against the elements, whatever they may be.

I am very fond, too, of men's umbrellas. Their size makes them of far more use, and they are in better proportions than ours—and comparatively shorter and therefore less in the way. One of the best turned out women I know always uses her husband's umbrellas when occasion warrants it. This, or a very tiny and quite useless *en tout cas* affair, I like for their rather unusual proportions.

H. Halle

OUR PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, *January 10th*, 1921.

MON CHER AMI,

Another wave of "Cinematographobia," if I may be allowed to coin such a word, seems to be forming on the horizon; no one in particular seems to be causing the undulation, and yet there the wave is . . . and a very menacing one, too.

It appears to have commenced with the very sudden banning of two films " Li Hang the Cruel " and "L'Homme du Large"; these films had passed the censor and had been shown for a few days when a sudden order was made forbidding their further appearance. Since then, after several cuts, they have again been allowed to be projected, but so brutally sudden was the interdict that some theatres were unable to complete their programmes, and were forced to shut.

So you see that the industry is suffering from the same attacks by the censorship here as it is in England, and that the same old cry is again arising, of the evil effects films may have on the childish mind. But it never seems to occur to parents to study programmes carefully before taking their children to a picture show, as they would undoubtedly do if it were a stage performance they were going to visit.

At the last meeting of the " Syndicat des Directeurs de Cinéma," Mr. Benoît-Levy, the president of the Syndicat des Grands Cinémas de Paris, suggested that the only way to stop these constant attacks was to establish a special visa for children's films and then to institute children's matinees. But as the chairman, Mr. Brezillon, remarked, this procedure, which might work in the centre of Paris, would certainly be a failure in the suburbs, where people go to see the movies " en famille."

With regard to " Li Hang the Cruel," it is alleged that this film was stopped as the result of a protest by the Chinese Legation in Paris. With all due respect to this nation, the thing does seem rather absurd if it's really true; for it would mean that every actor who played the villain would have to be able to produce a certificate showing him to be a native of the country in which it was intended to project the film.

Even if there were sections of this film which might have come within the meaning of the word " improper " (I don't mean " indecent "), this cat-and-mouse procedure seems a very high-handed way of dealing with the French cinematograph trade. You will be glad to see, therefore, that the Assemblé Générale des Auteurs de Films has decided at a general meeting to protest publicly against the somewhat brutal methods of the censorship.

Really it does seem rather childish, when one considers what can be seen in Parisian theatres. On the stage everything is permitted, from the most violent political attacks to the grossest display of the human form. But if the wretched Cinema tries to deviate in the slightest degree from the beaten track in order to avoid the monotony which the public is already commencing to be heartily sick of, the greatest outcry arises. It seems so jolly unfair, don't you think so? Also rather inadroit on the part of a Government which obtains such a huge revenue from this industry, and which is so glad at awkward moments to have its propaganda screened.

This campaign against movies requires a direct counter-offensive, and some managers are putting on their battle-bowlers and getting busy. One offers a hundred francs to anyone finding a picture in his theatre in which virtue remains unrewarded or vice unpunished, while another expresses the intention of screening a series of articles defending the Cinema.

The Cie. Générale Cinématographique had the excellent notion of sending out a special invitation to ministers, senators, members of parliament, municipal councillors, and other dignitaries, to attend a private view of "A Broken Blossom." " We have invited you," ran the invitation, " in order to permit you to judge to what a high stage of perfection the art of cinematography has been brought, and would call your attention to the fact that in the United States of America, this art, which was born in France, now ranks after agriculture and the steel trade as the third most important industry."

Yes, old thing, but I also hear that the film business in the U.S.A. is seeing hard times; this seems an excellent chance for the French trade to try and sell some of its reels in those countries where the rate of exchange on Lil' ol' New York has made the Yankee film prohibitively expensive. You asked me what in the world had come over the French cinema industry since the war. Well, I don't think that the answer is far to seek. The handicap is, that whereas in 1914 you could turn out an ordinary picture for about twenty thousand francs, it will now cost you anything from fifty to two hundred thousand of the best. So, on an average, the cost of production has increased six-fold, while the number of theatres where these films can be shown has remained practically stationary, only increasing from 1,500 to 1,800. That's the

A NEW STUDY OF DERLHYS.

The rage of the Casino de Paris, where she is appearing with the famous dancer, Harry Pilcer.

fault of the war, and not yours, but what you are to blame for is your slack exportation system. In order to make your films pay you need to sell them in as many foreign countries as possible, but in order to do so it's no earthly use sitting there waiting for the foreigner to come to you and buy. No other business runs its exportation department on these lines, so why should the French Cinema? What you need, mon vieux, is a jolly well-planned foreign selling scheme and a thundering good advertising campaign to push it along.

The average French firm can hardly make both ends meet unless it exports, and still less put up the necessary capital for really first-class producing, and you know how much that costs and how the big Yankee films have accustomed the European market to grandiose settings and costly displays.

You want to tell people in England, when they see a meagre French film, not to blame your countrymen, who have probably done their utmost to make something out of nothing, but to blame the commercial inertia of the selling side of the business, which has crippled the production.

Talking of exportation . . . I see that a lot of French producers are being snapped up by Italian firms. After Ravel, H. Kraus and Epardaud, Mr. Volnys is the latest " departure "; Henry Herville, on the other hand, is over in England now to produce " Lord Arthur Saville's Crime " on the spot where Oscar Wilde laid the action.

When I said just now that some French companies did not like to risk large sums for big films, I should have excepted the picture " L'Atlantide " by Pierre Benoit, on which one and a half million francs have been spent. This film, like " Koenigsmark " by the same author, are produced by your friend Fayder, and are very wonderful. " L'Atlantide " should particularly interest the English public, as it is the story around which so much discussion arose when it was alleged to be a " piracy " of Rider Haggard's tale, " She." You must see it when it gets to England, and let me know what you think.

" Daddy Long-Legs " (here called " Papa Longues-Jambes," which translation, of course, completely misses the allusion to the insect of that name) received a most favourable reception at its trade-show here, and is a film which, I think, the French public will appreciate more than most of the English productions which come over here.

Let me see now . . . is there any other news for you? Yes. The Cinema theatres may now stay open half an hour later, that is, until midnight, and your beloved Paris is going back to pre-war street-lighting, too. Let's hope this will mean fewer accidents, especially as the Préfecture de Police are preparing a film, on the " Safety First " principle, in order to teach the public how to cross the streets without getting squashed, and with all due respect to your countrymen, they need something of the sort very badly.

While in most countries the cinema has been used as an ally of dear old Pussyfoot's campaign, in Switzerland the services of the moving picture are going to be called to the assistance of the liquor trade, in order to demonstrate the beneficial effects of alcohol throughout all ages. I wonder who will play Bacchus, what?

I was amused in reading " Fantasio " the other day to see the prophesies for 1921. I translate one of them verbatim :—" We shall see the most thrilling films at the cinema :—' The Empress of the Cow Boys,' ' The Secret of the Cow Boy,' ' The Cow Boy Lover,' ' The Cow Boy's Hate,' ' The Cow Boys of Paris.' Charlie Chaplin will visit Paris, and that day will be declared a public holiday. He will be received by the President of the Republic, and we shall change the name of the Avenue du Président Wilson to Avenue Charlie Chaplin."

Rather a delightful thing happened some time ago. A company which was going down south to do some outdoor scenes was "called" for Christmas morning to complete a bit of "interior" work. One little English girl refused to attend on this day, and in her indignation threatened to complain to the consul here. Christmas morning, of course, found her at the studio, where the producer started chaffing her. " I have been to the consul," she told him. " and he said it was scandalous to call people on Christmas Day, and he took me to our ambassador. Lord Derby, who is furious, and is going to report you ! " The producer's eye twinkled as he handed the young lady an old copy of the *Daily Mirror* with a picture of Lord Derby bidding farewell to the members of the Corps Diplomatique on the platform of the Gare du Nord before leaving for England.

Au revoir, mon vieux,

Yours ever,

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A typical scene from "KISMET," the remarkable production which has been hailed by the film critics as likely to prove the film sensation of the year. It is to be released on January 31st.

FILM FLICKERS.

There is no doubt that when "ALF'S BUTTON" came off it caught on.

* * *

The cinematograph operator must be the most large-hearted of fellows. He is always screening somebody.

* * *

Mildred Davis, the film actress, states in a contemporary that one of her pet recreations is walking in the rain. We understand that many artistes not half so successful as Mildred have also been known to indulge in the practice.

* * *

The latest dances that are being filmed must of necessity be a series of close-ups.

* * *

We deplore the carelessness of the compositor (and yet admire his patriotism) who was responsible for printing "The Nose of Rome" instead of "The Rose of Nome," the big Fox picture.

* * *

The position of affairs in America tempts one to revise the old slogan to read: Some were film actors, and the others hadn't any money either.

"'From Cornfield to Table' is the title of an educational film which was shown to children at a South London school throughout last week. Every day of the five brought its instalment of joy to the youngsters."—*The Globe*. Thus did they make a serial out of a cereal.

* * *

If you've fallen out with your face because it doesn't happen to be your fortune—"make it up."

* * *

Many an aspirant for the screen should really be behind one.

* * *

The important part played by the photographer in a studio was recently evidenced by a well-known producer who admitted frankly that if his camera-man went on strike he would "shoot" himself.

* * *

The lady must either have been a little hard of hearing or a wee bit deaf, for the interviewer found it necessary to repeat his question, "What are your hobbies?" he asked, notebook akimbo. She replied, as she toyed with her powder-puff, "Oh, one's a bookmaker and the other's a stockbroker."

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FILM PRODUCING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A Talk with Mr. Norman H. Lee, who until recently was producing for South African Film Productions Limited, near Johannesburg.

MR. NORMAN LEE.

MR. Norman Lee, the young producer who is at present producing the comedies in which Mr. Ernie Lotinga makes his début in Movieland, must be one of the busiest men in London. When not at work in the studio at Kew, he is either hard at work writing music-hall sketches, the librettos of musical comedies, or is reading over completed sketches with one or other of his clients. Only a short time ago Mr. George Graves was playing in one of his sketches at the Coliseum, and he is the author of the scenarios in which Mr. Lotinga is now appearing. Mr. Lee managed to spare me a few minutes in the middle of a hectic Saturday afternoon—he does not understand what a quiet week-end is—to talk about the production of films in South Africa.

"It's a funny thing," he said, when I asked how it happened that he found his way to Africa, "but the money is practically the only thing that is South African. All the producers were English or American, and the majority of the artists were brought either from England or recruited from the various shows which visit the country. When I was there our stars were Miss Edna Flugrath and Miss Mabel May."

"And the stories?" I asked.

"We did film a certain number of stories adapted from South African novels—the Company has filmed a number of Miss Gertrude Page's novels—but the majority were adaptations from books bought in England. We did 'She' and a number of other Rider Haggard tales."

"I suppose you wrote one or two scenarios yourself, did you not?"

"Twenty-five in the first six months," said Mr. Lee, with a smile and a wave of the hand which implied that he had almost forgotten all about it; "but, of course, I was there as producer as well, or I should have had nothing to do. I stored them up for a bit."

"And the natives? Do they film well?"

"Marvellously. The niggers are born actors. In real life they use gestures enormously, and gesticulate much more violently than we do. Then, they are wonderful mimics, and can imitate a producer's expression or movement without an effort. Their names, too, were comic. The star performer was a gentleman named Bicycle, who really was a great

MR. LEE discussing the scenario with MR. ERNIE LOTINGA. MISS KATHLEEN BARBOUR takes a breathing space on the bed.

actor, and another was known by the name of Sixpence. Since I have left South Africa I have heard that there was a project to form a company to

exploit Bicycle, but I have not heard what came of the scheme."

" And is the lighting very good?"

" As a matter of fact," Mr. Lee answered, " that is just where a lot of people make a mistake. They think that the light should be as good as in Los Angeles, but in reality it has its faults. It is so very changeable that, if a set is erected and some delay takes place, in a very short time the position of the camera has to be altered or the set even re-erected. You have to use screens a great deal, too, to break up the rays of the sun, as otherwise the shadows are much too black, and you get heavy lines under the nose and eyes. At the same time, the sun is very dependable, and when the technical difficulties are overcome the results are equal to any films produced in America or England. The fact that the films sell in both countries is sufficient proof of that."

I asked where the films are principally shown.

" That's where the Company has a pull. They are really exhibitors as well as producers. as they control a circuit both in South Africa and in India. Their theatres take American and English films as well, but there is always a steady market for the South African productions. This makes the Company sure of covering its expenses, but the films must sell in America and England to carry a profit."

" And the future of South African films?"

Mr. Lee became enthusiastic, and waved an arm in his emphatic manner which is so expressive. " Great," he said. " The studios are wonderfully equipped, and I believe that there is plenty of local talent if only it can be found. Just before I left I formed a separate company and produced a film—" Virtue in the City "—with an entirely South African caste—not natives. Miss Adèle Stolleri played my lead. I wanted to prove to them that it could be done, as no one had done it before, and the film was sold straightaway to an American company. Miss Stolleri immediately received an offer to go to America and take up a contract there."

I brought Mr. Lee back from South Africa with a question about Mr. Lotinga. " He's a wonder," he said, " as, of course, he ought to be. Most of his stage work is ' business,' and he does not need words to help him to get over. Of course, producing him is fairly easy for me, as I have written the scenarios myself. That means that I practically produce every play twice, as I visualise each action as I write it, and it's only a question of running through it again when we get on the floor."

I can well believe that Mr. Lee has a natural gift for visualisation. His conversation alone is sufficient key to his mentality. He can describe a scene in a few words, so that it seems to take shape almost before one's eye, and his points, driven home with characteristic gestures, are pithy, forceful and immediately intelligible. Mr. Lee is also a most entertaining cartoonist, and keeps for the amusement of his friends some illuminating sketches of the more humorous side of film life in South Africa. In fact, before concentrating on cinema work he made a living by drawing cartoons for a number of weekly and monthly papers, and later turned his facility to profitable account by doing lightning sketches on the " halls." He has also found time to understand the more technical side of photography, and, as he puts it, knows " what goes on inside the box."

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In Sunny Los Angeles.

Whatever the season, the sun is always shining in the big film colony of Los Angeles.

FILMING IN AUSTRALIA.

By Ivan Hill.

I sit amid the dim light's glow,
And watch " the Pictures " come and go
Upon the silent Movie screen.
It seems as if myself were hurled
From London Town across the world,
A traveller unseen!

* * *

SOMETIME, soon—within the next two or three years—Australia will become a big filming rival of California. But for the outbreak of war, even now there might have been great studios in the Blue Mountains of New South Wales and in the Dandenong Ranges beyond Melbourne.

" Down-under " men were actively on the track " taking " typicals of the country and the Bush more than ten years ago; and though, in those early attempts, there might have been a few crudities, there were also many laudatory results.

I recall the story of " The Eureka Stockade," which illustrated the finest bit of Antipodean romance on record. Here were re-lived the first days " on the original ground" of the goldfields of Ballarat, and the great episode of the fight for the " Miners' Right."

What clamorous crowding ghosts of the old pioneer diggers still haunt the moonlight shadows of the Ballarat and " Little Bendigo " bush! Just try to imagine a good film picture of those tented camp-fire-lit Australian nights back in " the roaring forties," when men shod their horses with gold, and drank champagne like beer out of tin pannikins. This " bit " would be happily sub-titled thus:—

" The Good Hours of Life!"

* * *

Interwoven with the story of the digger host is the name of Peter Lalor, a young Irishman, who led the gold-seekers in their now historic defence at the Eureka Stockade.

Lalor was shot in the arm by a trooper, but escaped into the Bush under cover of the smoke from fire and guns, and for some months he was outlawed, and a big reward offered for his capture—" dead or alive."

A little later in life, that same wild Irishman was elected a member of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, and he finally became " Speaker " in the Parliament of the State.

A story of " real life " romance is the story—as also is the intact film story—of "Ballarat: The Golden City of Australia."

THE CINEMA IN INDUSTRY.

By Philip G. Kinnaird.

THE hardest thing to combat is prejudice. The average business man, when anyone tries to talk "movies" to him, conjures up a picture of a gilt palace, dim lights, peppermints and melodrama. He cannot imagine that the film can have its practical uses. He has to be taken into the projection theatre of some business house with imagination before he will believe that the cinema can help him, not to pass an idle hour, but to increase his business. The cinematograph, intelligently used, is definitely a profit-earner.

Gradually, moreover, it is becoming better appreciated in Industry, and is being used as salesman, advertiser, technical adviser, and in the simplification of administrative control. A British firm, Messrs. Vickers, Limited, whose activities are world-wide, and which now, with the war over, manufactures articles ranging from battleships and big guns to sewing machines and washing contrivances, was one of the pioneers of the industrial use of the cinema in England. For over six years an almost complete film record has been kept of the firm's activities, and these films, stored in the library in Westminster, can be shown at any time in the projection theatre on the premises. There are said to be twenty-five miles of film in this six years' accumulation. The library serves two purposes. In the first place, the Directors have at their finger tips all the many processes which are being carried on in their various works without the necessity of wasting hours in endless railway journeys to Barrow or Sheffield, as instead of going to the factory the factory has, in fact, been brought to them. If, therefore, any question of policy is raised and there is uncertainty about the manner in which any one department is being conducted, the matter can be settled by actual visual proof within ten minutes. The Board can thus attend to its duties in London and yet keep in touch with every new development at the factory. The library's second function is that of salesman. Many of the firm's customers are prominent foreigners who are often in London only for a few days. They have little time to waste in avoidable railway travel, but it may be found difficult to clinch a deal with them without some sort of demonstration. Taken across to the theatre they can see the points, made in conversation, proved upon the screen. To see is generally to be convinced.

This side of the projection theatre has been proved such a success that the Paris office is now similarly equipped, and prints are regularly sent over for demonstration there. Agents, too, in all parts of the world can apply for films, which they either arrange to have shown in the ordinary theatres or at special performances. Any agent who realises the possibilities of the screen as a clinching argument can apply to the London office for films.

Apart, however, from their capacity as silent salesmen, these films have a technical value, and are used in the factory for research and experimental purposes. When, for instance, a big gun is being tested, an armoured camera, driven at a great speed by electricity, photographs the mechanism in operation. When projected slowly on the screen the film will demonstrate movements in minutest detail which the eye could never follow. It is felt that films of this kind, taken by men who understand the machinery which is being photographed, will be of the greatest value in technical and night schools. Information has twice the effect on the memory when supported by an appeal to the eye, and a theory that may be intricate when expressed in cold words becomes a living thing in pictorial form.

A film, however, intended for technical purposes, very often has a wider and more general appeal. Many that have been taken for scientific study have been shown in the ordinary theatres as items of general interest. As long ago as 1914 the cinematograph was used in the Machinery Section of the White City to demonstrate what the Company was doing and how the tools which were exhibited had been made. The packed houses which watched these performances and many others of the same sort since have proved that the public is keenly interested in the presentation in picture form of industrial activity.

So far as this firm is concerned the film has long passed out of the experimental into the thoroughly practical stage. The taking of the films, their development, printing and projection are all done by Vickers' own staff. Even the actual film is manufactured in the factory. Specially constructed movable arcs are fitted on trolleys for use in the factories, and the men have become quite accustomed to "play for the films." Occasionally, but very rarely a man is found to be "camera shy," and either stares into the lens or, becoming nervous, drops his tools. Usually, however, they carry on with their work as though nothing unusual was happening.

Vickers have certainly proved that the industrial film is not an expensive fad, but an essential component of a vast industrial system.

CINEMA FINANCE: A Retrospect and a Forecast.

THE most interesting announcement of the past week, in the world of Cinema Finance, is that the development and practical use of the Cinema for industrial purposes is at last to be seriously taken up. As an educational factor the cinema has illimitable possibilities, and but for the intervention of the world war it is certain that great progress would, long since, have been made in this direction.

The lead is now being taken by the Federation of British Industries, which, as is well known, is an extremely powerful and influential organisation of British merchants, backed by great technical knowledge, and abundance of capital. The scheme of the Federation is to employ the cinema both as a teacher and as a means of business propaganda. All the many hundreds of great British business firms, who comprise its members, are being urged to adopt it in their businesses. As to its educational uses, classes are to be formed to teach the workers in the various factories, and businesses, new methods, new processes, and the employment and use of new tools. Technical lectures will be given in the factories, during the working hours, illustrated by films showing the right way and the wrong way of doing special work, and so on. To see these things illustrated on the screen by means of pictures, giving life and movement, will teach a man or woman artisan their work far more efficiently and far more speedily than any spoken words without such illustration could possibly do. In a word, the result will be a speeding up of the training of skilled workers, accompanied by a great increase of efficiency.

As to trade propaganda the future usefulness of the cinema screen is unquestionable, and a wide field of operations is being mapped out by this powerful combine of employers. As a new and powerful advertising medium no argument is necessary to prove its advantages. Not only here, at home, to advertise British made goods, but in foreign countries, and our own overseas possessions, prospective customers for the manufactures of Great Britain will see, before their eyes, the process of manufacture, will be assured of the soundness and good quality of the article manufactured, and will be convinced that the cost of the article is a fair one. Efficiently planned and carried out by experts, such as the Federation can readily find and enlist under its banner, and further aided by the power of the cinema, the scheme will do much to counteract illusions as to the better value or quality of German, American, or Japanese goods as compared with those of British make.

* * *

The tour of the Duke of Connaught through India will form a magnificent subject for spectacular filming, and the work is in the hands of the Tata Publicity Corporation, of Bombay. Some exceptionally interesting pictures will be produced, including an elephant hunt, a tiger hunt, and other exciting incidents. The Tata Publicity Corporation is one of the many enterprises of Sir Durabji Tata, the Parsee multi-millionaire, who is doing a great work in bringing about a better understanding between the white man and the Indian native. The British film rights have been secured, we understand, by the Film Booking Offices of Soho Square. Sir Durabji Tata is a great believer in the future of the cinema, and is backing his opinion by investing large sums of money in British cinema enterprises. It is not unlikely that in the near future a very large undertaking will be launched in this country to which he will lend his name and influence, and on the board of which he will either himself sit or be directly represented by a nominee.

* * *

Another great London theatre has fallen before the march of the "movies." The Stoll Company are arranging to convert the Crystal Palace Theatre into a cinema house, and may be trusted to make a financial success of the venture. As the home of the "legitimate drama," as old fashioned theatre-goers still persist in terming it, the Crystal Palace Theatre saw many notables upon its boards. Irving, Tree, Wyndham, and Alexander are but a few of those who in the Victorian era at the Palace delighted large audiences. It is not unlikely that an offer of shares will be made to the investing public in the near future by a company about to be formed to work this and two other similar houses in Greater London.

* * *

Every new industry must have its literature, and now we are not only to have our weekly journals devoted to the cinema, but we are promised a film encyclopædia which will aim to be a standard work

Finance—continued.

of reference on all matters connected with the industry. It will be a record of pictures, past and present, of artistes, and on the financial side of the industry a record of the companies formed to exploit cinema enterprises. It is an ambitious programme, and, if efficiently carried out, will prove of great value.

* * *

The annual report of the Victoria Palace Co. was issued a few days ago, and shows a net profit for the year up to 5th November, 1920, of £44,703, as compared with £43,261 for 1918-19. The dividend is maintained at 25 per cent. less tax, but it is payable on a larger capital this year than last, 80,000 bonus shares having been issued in 1919. The amount carried forward is £10,926, which is somewhat less than on the last occasion.

* * *

Amongst the recent new registrations at Somerset House are those of the Lyric Cinema (Birkenhead), Ltd., the capital being £12,000 in £1 shares, and also the Albany Ward Theatres, the capital in this case being £300,000 (250,000 £1 ordinary and 1,000,000 one shilling deferred). The objects are stated to be to acquire the circuit of theatres carried on by Albany Ward in the South of England, together with certain other freehold and leasehold premises; agreement with vendor and Provincial Cinematograph Theatres, cinema and theatre proprietors and managers, etc.

* * *

CINEMA AND THEATRE SHARE PRICES.

Alhambra Co., 1 1/16.
Alliance Film Corporation, Pref. 15/-; paid, 4/-.
British Photographic Industries, 17/6.
Cinema Combine, 1/4½d.
Coliseum Syndicate, Ordinary 4¼.
Empire Palace (15/-), 1¾.
Gaiety Theatre, 1⅞.
London Pavilion, 2¾.
London Theatre of Varieties, 15/16.
Moss Empires (£5), 8¼—¾.
Metropolitan Theatre of Varieties, £1.
Palace Theatre, 1¼.
Provincial Cinemas, 1¼.
Stoll Pictures 13/- ex dividend.
Stoll Productions, 12/6 paid; 4/6, 5/6.
Theatre Royal, Drury Lane (£1, 15/- paid), ⅞—1⅛.
The Oxford, 4½.
United Varieties Syndicate, 1⅛.
Variety Theatres, 8/9.
Victoria Palace, 1¼.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Our Special Correspondent will be happy to answer Financial Queries relative to the world of the film on this page. Communications should be addressed to "FINANCIER," c/o "Movie-Land," 4-6, St. Ann's Chambers, Broadway, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

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NEW YEAR'S FESTIVITIES

PICTURES IN EVERY HOME.

News of the Day filmed while you sit at the Table.

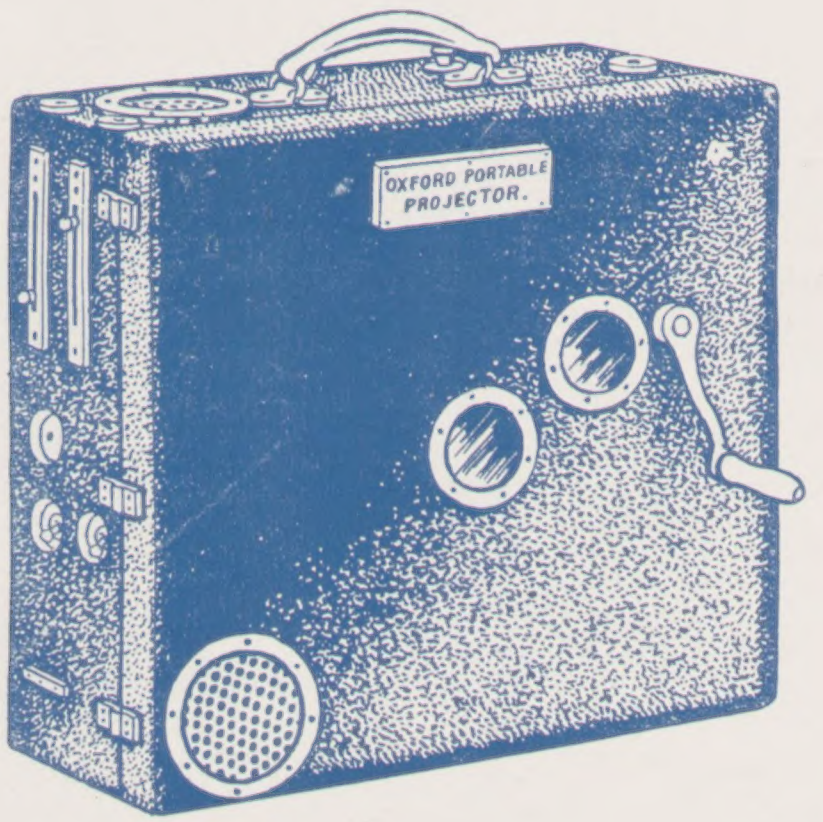
Experiments in displaying cinematograph pictures during dinner at half a dozen Soho restaurants will be made next month.

"Operators with portable cameras which can be attached to the electric light will display topical pictures and news of the day," an English director of the English American Film Corporation told the Daily Sketch.

"No L.C.C. licences are required, because electricity alone supplies the light and the power, and consequently there is no danger of fire.

"The lights in the restaurants need not be extinguished either—merely dimmed a little.

"It is proposed to show events of the day in this manner in every home."



The World's Greatest Film Stars in Comedy and Drama can be shown on West End Cinema scales (size of pictures 10 x 8 x 6) including Chaplin, Pickford, Pauline Frederick, Nazimova, Pearl White, Anita Stuart, W. S. Hart, Clara Kimbal Young, Margaret Clarke, Theda Bara, William Duncan, etc., etc.

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